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APRIL 15, 1950



Indian Dancers

"I've tasted chocolate
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I prefer the not-so-sweet
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Club Chocolate"

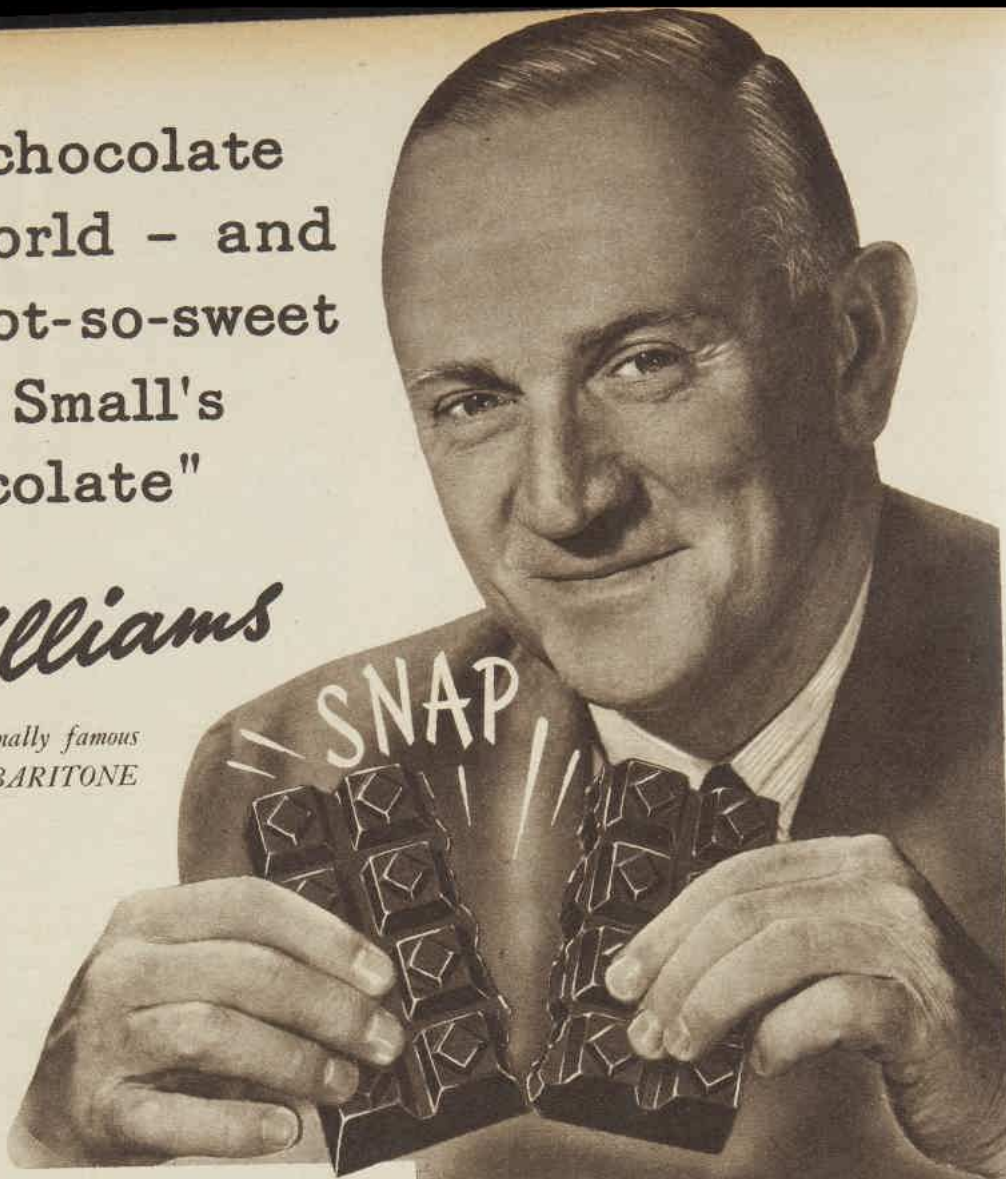
SAYS

Harold Williams

*Internationally famous
Australian BARITONE*

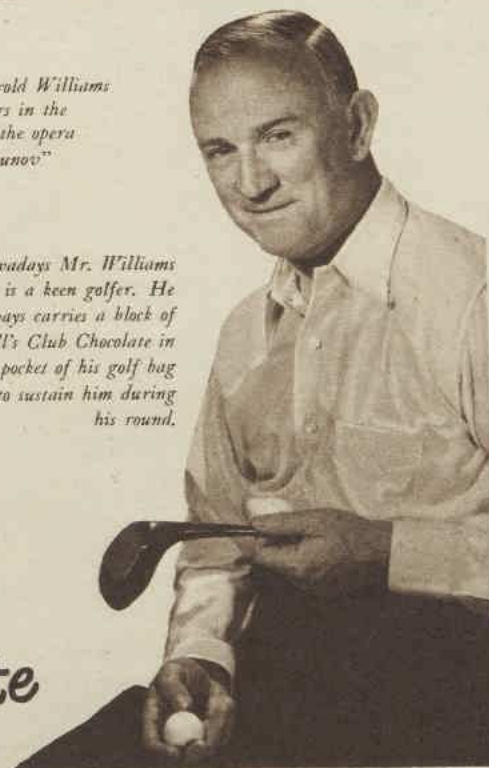
Mr. Williams recently returned to Australia after a most successful three years in England. During his stay, he sang at the London and Edinburgh Festivals as well as giving concert and opera performances almost every day.

"After travelling in so many countries," says Mr. Williams, "I've become almost a connoisseur of chocolate. Chocolate experts have told me that the best chocolate breaks with the cleanest snap. Well, Small's Club Chocolate breaks with the sharpest snap I've ever heard."



*Here is Harold Williams
as he appears in the
title role of the opera
"Boris Godounov"*

*Nowadays Mr. Williams
is a keen golfer. He
always carries a block of
Small's Club Chocolate in
the pocket of his golf bag
to sustain him during
his round.*



Small's
make Great Chocolate

A Bargain For Edie

By F. HUGH HERBERT

MR. CURTIS walked through the noisy garage and stopped at the foot of the concrete ramp. "Bert!" he called. "Bert McConnell! Telephone!" There was a faint, distant clatter of tools being dropped to the floor, and a few minutes later the face of a young man peered anxiously down. It was a clean-cut, rugged face, youthfully pleasant.

"Who is it?" Bert yelled. "Is it my wife?"

"Yes," Mr. Curtis said, "and she said for you to make it snappy."

"Be right down."

Bert wiped lubricating oil off his large, calloused, capable hands, and tore down the ramp.

"Hello, Edie?" he panted into the phone. He was shaking a little and not only from exertion. "Well—tell me what happened. What took so long? What did he say?"

Edie's voice, coming over the wire, was calm, placid, matter-of-fact. "I saw the doctor," she told him. "He says it's okay."

"What you mean 'okay'?" he croaked. "Are you—"

"What do you think I mean, silly? I'm going to have a baby."

A wide foolish, almost sheepish, grin spread over the boy's face. "Gosh!" he said. "Oh, my gosh." There was reverence in the words and humility and wonder. Edie was going to have a baby. "Oh, my gosh!" he said again.

"Bert, dear—can't you say something else?"

"You still in the doctor's surgery?" he asked. "Let me speak to him."

"I've been home for an hour," Edie said. "Relax."

"You said you'd ring me from the doctor's. Gosh . . . I been waiting for this call since noon and I—"

"Relax," Edie suggested again. "I didn't ring from his office because he had a lot of people waiting. Because I wasn't going to announce to a room full of patients that I'm going to have a baby."

"Well, for heaven's sake, Edie. Why didn't you ring me from a public phone then?"

"Because it costs money, that's why," Edie said. "I called you soon's I could."

"You've been home for an hour!"

"I was hot and I had a bath and I thought maybe you hadn't come back from lunch."

"I didn't have lunch. I was too excited."

"Bert, honestly, you do such silly things," Edie said amicably. "You shouldn't go without lunch. It always upsets your stomach."

"You don't sound a bit excited."

"Why should I be excited?" she inquired.

"Well, Edie . . . until you saw the doctor you weren't sure."

"I was sure," said Edie. "Two weeks ago. The doctor wasn't. Now he's sure. Now you can both relax."

"You feel all right, Edie?"

She laughed at him affectionately. "This is July, Bert. The baby won't be here till February. I feel fine. Now go back to work."

"Look," his voice was still hoarse with anxiety. "Did the doctor say anything else?"

"Bert, dear, I can't stay here talking forever. I have to start getting dinner. Go back to work. See you later. 'Bye.'"

He heard the click of the receiver. He shook his head pensively, a faint grin on his face. Edie was going to have a baby and she didn't sound or act any different.

Bert told Mr. Curtis the news, and Curtis, a friendly, indulgent boss, gave him the rest of the afternoon off. Bert left the garage and stood for some moments on the footpath, blinking in the sunlight. He had washed, put on a clean shirt, and combed his hair back. It was only a quarter past three.

His impulse was to grab a taxi and go straight home to Edie, and he was restrained only by the certainty that Edie would merely tell him he was extravagant. Edie would be angry, and Edie would be right. With the baby coming now for sure, he had no right to be throwing money away on a taxi.

He started walking slowly towards the bus stop, but before he reached the corner he decided to go into a cafe for coffee and a sandwich. The little place was empty. Bert sat down at the first table.

While waiting for his sandwich, Bert thoughtfully studied his gnarled and rather dirty hands. The strong square nails were outlined by the grime of his trade. Edie didn't like him to have dirty nails. Edie fretted quite a lot about the condition of his hands. It was the one thing about his job that she didn't like. Once she had given him a manicure herself, but the results were so slight that she gave up in despair.

He sat in the hot, drowsy little cafe scowling, deep in thought. Edie was going to have a baby, and he wanted to go home to her, but he knew that if he showed up before six o'clock she'd laugh at him.

He wanted passionately to go home and talk to her about it, but Edie would only wrinkle her nose at him and laugh, and ask him what did he want to talk about? She'd only say they'd been talking about it for the two years they had been married, and it wasn't due until February, and what was there new to talk about? She'd be right, too. Edie was nearly always right.

The fat, sleepy waitress shuffled over with Bert's order, set it in front of him, and drifted away immediately, displaying an obvious disinclination for conversation.

Please turn to page 4





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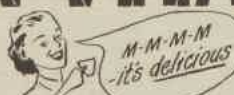


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A Bargain for Edie

Continued from page 3

RELUCTANTLY, Bert, who had been cherishing a desire to inform someone that his wife was going to have a baby, consoled himself—the waitress would probably not be interested.

He ate his sandwich, drank his coffee, paid his check, and left. He looked at his wrist-watch. Only half-past three. He still had quite a little time to kill. He walked aimlessly and wished Edie were with him.

He wondered, with a vague feeling of uneasiness, whether she'd still feel like going out at night, now that the baby was coming. He hoped the baby wouldn't change things too much.

After he had walked six or seven blocks he overtook a young couple, one of whom was pushing a pram. Bert slowed up and took a good look at the baby. It was awake, but the shadow of the hood almost concealed its face. Bert thought it didn't look like much.

He glanced into the faces of the baby's parents. They were both rather drawn and thin, and they looked pale and tired. Neither of them said a word. They paid no attention to the baby, nor to the shop windows, nor to the passing traffic, nor to each other. They were just people taking a baby for a walk. They were not getting a kick out of it, but on the other hand they did not appear to be resenting it.

Then they turned off at the corner. For some reason Bert felt enormously relieved. They were beginning to depress him. He hoped that when he and Edie took their baby out for a walk they'd have something to say to each other. That was no way to act when you were out with a baby. He decided not to mention the incident to Edie. She'd say: "So what? They were probably tired. What do you want them to do—turn somersaults?" He could almost hear her voice saying it.

He stopped in front of a lingerie shop and debated whether to take a gift home to Edie. He brought her things once in a while when it wasn't even her birthday or their anniversary, and while she always told him he was foolish spending his money as if he were a millionaire, she didn't really mind.

She got a kick out of presents. Now they had to be sensible though—get stuff you could use. Nylons were all right once in a while, or maybe even a pretty nightie, and toilet water was okay, too, if the bottle would look nice on her dressing-table, and if it didn't cost too much.

He walked away and paused, after a couple of blocks, in front of an auction room. Presently he permitted himself to be shepherded inside. A benign red-faced auctioneer was haranguing a small crowd of stragglers, hoping to convert some of them into customers. He was displaying a man's diamond ring, which he held up to view.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the auctioneer pleaded in a dry, reproachful voice, "where do you buy your diamonds, will ya tell me that? I'm not tellin' ya this is a perfect white stone—I don't do business that way. I'm tellin' ya the truth. This stone has a tiny flaw. If it didn't have you couldn't buy it for £500. Come on, gimme a real bid on this genuine diamond in a pure white gold setting. How about you, lady—you wanna gimme a starting bid?"

The lady addressed, a thin grey matron, flushed nervously and shook her head.

The auctioneer soon abandoned the diamond ring. Clearly his prospective customers were not interested in diamonds, flawless or otherwise. He reached under the counter and produced a box of blue velvet.

"All right," ladies and gentlemen," the auctioneer intoned mechanically. "Maybe you want silver. We got a lot of silver." He opened the box, and from its white rayon-satin nest removed a silver mug. "A sterling silver christening mug! A beauty! How much you wanna bid for this? You can all use one o' these. Everybody has a baby, or knows a baby, or was a baby. Come on, let's go."

Bert swallowed several times excitedly. This was clearly an omen. Edie couldn't be angry if he brought home a christening mug for the baby.

The bidding, shrewdly abetted by several employees of the management, started off quite briskly, and within a few moments Bert, flushed with pleasure, found himself the owner of the mug, which was knocked down to him at four pounds. Shortly thereafter, at the same price, he acquired a similar blue velvet box containing a tiny spoon, knife and fork, also in sterling silver.

"Sold to the young man with the curly black hair," the auctioneer announced happily. "You got a wonderful buy, there, son—an auction bargain, if ever I saw one."

Bert was beginning to wonder if Edie would agree that he had a bargain. He examined the christening mug and the baby cutlery more carefully. They felt awfully light and thin, but they looked wonderful in their satin-lined boxes. Oh well, Edie might make a fuss, but she'd want their baby to have a sterling

"Etiquette is learning to yawn with your mouth shut."

—Schoolboy's definition.

silver christening mug and the other stuff.

"For your baby, mister?" the auctioneer sensed an opportunity for comedy relief.

"Yes."

"Little girl is it—or a boy?"

"It's not born yet," said Bert. The customers laughed. It was a friendly laugh and it made Bert feel good.

"Now there," said the auctioneer, "there's a real father for you. Don't let no grass grow under his feet. Wanna tell us when the happy event is expected?"

"February," Bert said. The customers laughed again.

The auctioneer groped under his counter and came up with a long slender box in purple plush.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, beaming, "tell ya what I'm gonna do. The young man here's been a good customer—he's gonna be a good father and I'll bet he's a good husband." He raised expressive eyebrows and opened up the plush box, and took from it a cheap string of pearls. "These we usually sell at auction for anywhere from ten to fifteen pounds. I'm gonna give this string o' pearls to the young man to give to his little wife. On the house. Here y'are, son."

Bert was riding home on the bus at six o'clock, nursing his three packages contentedly. Edie had often said she'd like a little string of pearls but she hated to pay good money for junk jewellery. When he told her he got them free maybe she wouldn't be angry about the other presents.

He decided to surprise her with the presents later on and he carefully hid the packages behind the geraniums in a window box before he let himself into the house.

Edie must have heard the door because she came in from the kitchen before he was halfway across the room. She wore a little plastic apron

over a yellow dress. Her face was flushed from cooking and she had a saucepan in her hands. Her greeting wiped the grin off his face and knocked the wind out of him.

"So you finally decided to come home?" she said derisively. "Going on six-thirty! Where've you been?"

It was so unexpected that Bert was reduced, instantly, to a guilty babbling hulk.

"What you mean, where've I been? This is the time I always come home. I been at the garage."

"Mr. Curtis gave you the afternoon off. He told me. I phoned. Where've you been?"

He scratched his head, bewildered. "What did you phone the garage for?" he demanded.

"Never you mind why I phoned." She stirred something in the saucepan vigorously. "Fine thing," she went on. "You get some time off and instead of coming home like a wife'd think you'd want to do—you wander off somewhere and don't get home till seven."

"Look," Bert gulped, "I wanted to come home. I wanted to come home right after you phoned—but I thought you'd laugh and say I was silly or something."

"What's so silly about coming home to your wife?" she inquired. "What's the matter with you? Just because I'm going to have a baby do you have to act as if I'm poison?"

"Aw now, Edie," he mumbled reproachfully. "You shouldn't—"

She set down the saucepan on a table, taking care to place a newspaper under it, walked over to him and stopped the flow of words by kissing him on the lips.

"Bert, darling," she said lovingly, "you're such an idiot. You fell for that, hook, line and sinker!" She giggled happily as she wiped the lipstick off his face. "Didn't I put on a good act, Bert? Boy—I should be in the pictures."

"Why'd you call the garage Edie?" He felt good now. He'd thought for a moment that she was really angry.

"I wasn't checking up on you," Edie told him. "I wanted to know if you'd like chicken for dinner or steak. To celebrate. Mr. Curtis said he'd given you the afternoon off. Where've you been? Now you don't get chicken or steak. It's lamb's fry. Where've you been?"

He flung himself on to the couch and pulled Edie down next to him.

"I've been out with a girl—where'd you think I've been?" His arm was round her waist and she looked down at his huge hand, spread out across her foolish little apron.

"With those grease-stained hands," she said, "you couldn't get near any girl. Only me." She picked up his hand and held it briefly against her cheek. "Come on, where've you been?"

"Nowhere, Edie. I just wandered around. I wanted to come home, like I said, but I—I didn't go anywhere." He still hoped to surprise her.

"Bert—you're such an awful liar. I can always tell. Besides, I saw you hide something in the geraniums."

She threw back her head and laughed at his crestfallen expression.

"I had a feeling you'd do something crazy," she said. "I been looking out the window since five. I saw you hide them."

"I wanted to surprise you, Edie." "It's no surprise to me when you do crazy things." She kissed him again, eagerly, sweetly, like an excited child. "Go and get them, Bert. The packages."

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

SELINA ARRANGES THINGS

By
**LAUREL
PASCAL**



"I had the wrong idea about the sort of girl you were," Alistair said.

CLARE had a thick layer of Anna's cold cream on her face and her back hair was in pins, but she still managed to look beautiful. She was lying on a white rug in her sister's elegant bedroom, with her short nose buried in a book.

Anna bent down and read the title: "Birds of the Woodland." She shrugged impatiently. "Sometimes, Clare, you're so provoking I could scream. This is probably the most important day of your life and all you can find to do is to read a book about birds."

Clare looked up from the rug, her long, extravagantly lashed green eyes expressive of hurt surprise: "But I like birds, Anna. I always have."

Anna groaned. "Where does it get you—knowing a yellow hammer from a black—that's what I want to know?"

Clare pondered the question carefully and said: "It's like people, if you know a bird's name you feel it's a kind of friend."

Anna threw up her hands. "Sometimes I think I'm wasting my time trying to knock a little sense into your head, Clare. In a few hours

time, if you play your cards carefully, Alistair Wayne will ask you to marry him. A young man with looks, money, and charm. And you natter about making friends with birds!"

She walked angrily across the room and looked at her reflection in the French gilt mirror. With but half Clare's looks she had managed to attract, annex, and hold a wealthy husband. But it had been hard work against stiff opposition, and she still carried the scars.

Clare seemed to have no fight in her, no ambition. She was lovely and completely careless of the fact. Left to herself she was quite likely to marry the first penniless young man who managed to touch her heart with a hard luck story. All those young charms would be thrown away.

The thought made Anna feel quite sick, for she was very fond of her sister and wanted her to have the best. Which meant of course all the things that cost a lot of money.

"But I don't want to play my cards properly," Clare said rebelliously from the rug. "I don't want Alistair to ask me to marry him unless he really wants to. Besides—I'm not

even sure I'd say Yes."

"Don't talk such utter nonsense," Anna said crossly. "You like him, don't you?"

"Yes, of course."

"You like him to kiss you?"

"M'm—yes—but it's only a make-believe kind of kissing. I don't think he really loves me, Anna."

Anna suddenly looked very sleek and worldly wise: "He's trembling on the brink. All he needs is a slight push and he'll be crazy about you. That's why I've troubled to arrange this party to-night. You'll look so ravishing all the other men will give you a rush."

She paused, and patted her hair. She smiled. "There's nothing like a little competition to bring a man to his senses."

Clare sighed gustily. This wasn't at all her idea of love. She said dreamily, "I always thought a proposal was something that happened all by itself. Like—a bud blossoming into a flower."

"Shows how much you know about it," Anna said scornfully. "It took a new frock, a crazy hat, two magnums of champagne, and a hint that I might be signing a film contract to bring Tony up to scratch."

She paused and looked complacently around the silken luxury of her room. "And I didn't have the benefit of this kind of background. You just don't know how lucky you are."

"Perhaps you're right," Clare agreed politely. But she still missed her shabby old Chelsea digs when she'd been able to call her soul her own. Anna was kind and generous, but sometimes she felt suffocated in her sister's smartly furnished little house.

She turned back to her book. What she'd really like would be to live in a wood.

The telephone rang beside Anna's bed and Anna took the call. Her bright expression soured like cream in the sun. She held out the white ear-piece to Clare—"For you. Aunt Cissie . . ."

Clare leapt up from the rug like a steel spring uncoiling. Aunt Cissie was a large red-faced woman who made a lot of money paint-

Aunt Cee sounded quite desperate." Anna's dark brows almost met above her flashing eyes. "Do you even know this precious Selina?" she demanded.

Clare hesitated. If she told the truth it would only make Anna more furious than ever. It seemed the occasion for a little white lie. "Not very well. But she's awfully nice."

"Nice!" stormed Anna, on a note of near hysteria. "Here you go ditching the chance of a lifetime because some protégée of Aunt Cee's has been stupid enough to fulfil a perfectly natural function in that old cottage. You must be mad."

Clare didn't agree. Babies were wonderful. Some day she hoped to have several of her own. But it wasn't an ambition to appeal to Anna. She said placatingly, "I'm sorry about the party, Anna."

Anna brushed her regrets angrily aside. "What's the district nurse doing?" she demanded loudly.

"Perhaps she's busy," Clare suggested mildly. Mentally she began to pack. Only her oldest clothes. And she would take her new packet of soap-flakes because there'd be stacks of washing to do. She didn't mind. She liked washing.

She reached out for the varnish remover and under Anna's baleful eye cheerfully sponged off the scarlet lacquer.

Anna lit a cigarette and puffed angrily. "Don't leave me to ring Alistair. Ring him yourself. He'll be furious."

He wasn't. He just laughed and said: "Twins in a wood? Doesn't sound your kind of set-up, Clare." And added carelessly, "I'll give you a ring next week. Have a good time."

"Well?" snapped Anna.

"He'll ring me next week."

"Or the year after next," Anna jeered. She stubbed out her cigarette savagely. "Well, no one can say I haven't done my best for you. But from now on I give up. You're hopeless—absolutely hopeless . . ."

No one saw Clare creep out of the smart little house with the white-painted window-boxes. And perhaps that was just as well. For she was wearing her favorite clothes; old slacks, a red woolly cardigan, and brown scuffed shoes. (All ripe for the dustbin, Anna would have said.) And with a green haversack slung over her shoulder she looked like a schoolgirl on her way to a beach-fest.

The train trip took an hour. That gave her twenty minutes in the little town before she caught the bus to Pond Green. She bought fish, vegetables, bread, and cake. The haversack bulged, but there was still room for something more personal. She chose a fluffy bed-jacket for Selina and rattles for the twins. One pink and one blue. She caught the bus just in time.

As usual the path through the woods filled her with delight. It ran between sweet-scented pines and then dipped steeply to the hollow that sheltered the cottage.

This was Clare's idea of a home—a four-square building with big windows, and a big, untidy garden full of flowers.

The door was open. Clare marched in feeling hot and puffed. She slid her heavy haversack to the floor. The silence was remarkable. No sign of life at all. The twins must be asleep. She called softly: "Selina—where are you?"

No answer. She padded from one untidy room to another, until the situation was clear. Selina and the twins must be figments of Aunt Cee's lively imagination. Or had she been hoaxed? She dismissed the thought. Aunt Cee's deep boom was inimitable.

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AN ACTIL PRODUCT

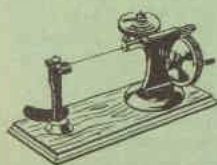
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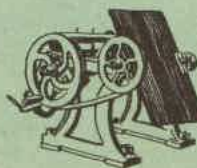
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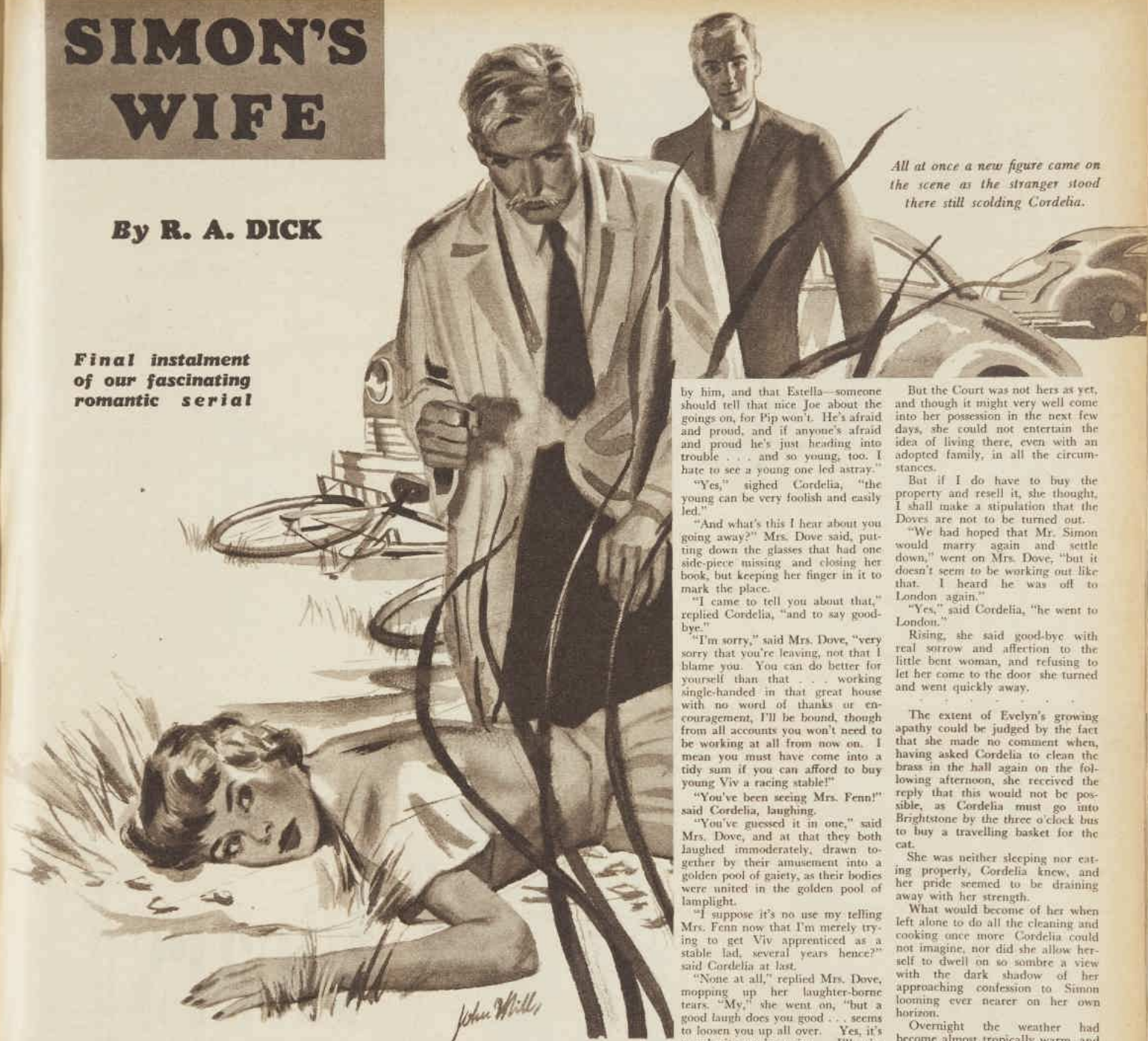
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SIMON'S WIFE

By R. A. DICK

Final instalment
of our fascinating
romantic serial



All at once a new figure came on the scene as the stranger stood there still scolding Cordelia.

by him, and that Estella—someone should tell that nice Joe about the goings on, for Pip won't. He's afraid and proud, and if anyone's afraid and proud he's just heading into trouble . . . and so young, too. I hate to see a young one led astray."

"Yes," sighed Cordelia, "the young can be very foolish and easily led."

"And what's this I hear about you going away?" Mrs. Dove said, putting down the glasses that had one side-piece missing and closing her book, but keeping her finger in it to mark the place.

"I came to tell you about that," replied Cordelia, "and to say good-bye."

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Dove, "very sorry that you're leaving, not that I blame you. You can do better for yourself than that . . . working single-handed in that great house with no word of thanks or encouragement, I'll be bound, though from all accounts you won't need to be working at all from now on. I mean you must have come into a tidy sum if you can afford to buy young Viv a racing stable!"

"You've been seeing Mrs. Fenn!" said Cordelia, laughing.

"You've guessed it in one," said Mrs. Dove, and at that they both laughed immoderately, drawn together by their amusement into a golden pool of gaiety, as their bodies were united in the golden pool of lamplight.

"I suppose it's no use my telling Mrs. Fenn now that I'm merely trying to get Viv apprenticed as a stable lad, several years hence!" said Cordelia at last.

"None at all," replied Mrs. Dove, mopping up her laughter-borne tears. "My," she went on, "but a good laugh does you good . . . seems to loosen you up all over. Yes, it's a sad pity you're going. I'll miss you and that's the truth."

"I'll miss you, too," said Cordelia sincerely, "but I shall send you books, and write."

"I'm afraid I'm not so good with the pen," said Mrs. Dove, "never was. My head was always quicker than my hands that way, and I'd lose patience with myself."

GENUINELY touched, Cordelia said, "I shouldn't have thought that you ever lost patience. You're very patient now."

Mrs. Dove shook her head. "You ask my husband," she said. "Not that you can just now, for he's off to his choir practice."

Then her merry smile dwindled a little. "I suppose no more's been heard about selling the Court?" she went on anxiously.

Temptation sprang at Cordelia with such force, in the face of that anxiety, that she instinctively cowered back out of the lamplight.

But the Court was not hers as yet, and though it might very well come into her possession in the next few days, she could not entertain the idea of living there, even with an adopted family, in all the circumstances.

But if I do have to buy the property and resell it, she thought, I shall make a stipulation that the Doves are not to be turned out.

"We had hoped that Mr. Simon would marry again and settle down," went on Mrs. Dove, "but it doesn't seem to be working out like that. I heard he was off to London again."

"Yes," said Cordelia, "he went to London."

Rising, she said good-bye with real sorrow and affection to the little bent woman, and refusing to let her come to the door she turned and went quickly away.

The extent of Evelyn's growing apathy could be judged by the fact that she made no comment when, having asked Cordelia to clean the brass in the hall again on the following afternoon, she received the reply that this would not be possible, as Cordelia must go into Brightstone by the three o'clock bus to buy a travelling basket for the cat.

She was neither sleeping nor eating properly, Cordelia knew, and her pride seemed to be draining away with her strength.

What would become of her when left alone to do all the cleaning and cooking once more Cordelia could not imagine, nor did she allow herself to dwell on so sombre a view with the dark shadow of her approaching confession to Simon looming ever nearer on her own horizon.

Overnight the weather had become almost tropically warm, and Cordelia set out early to catch the Brightstone bus, so that she need not walk too rapidly to the village. The day seemed to mock her with its brilliance. The hot sun blazed down on her out of the cloudless sky. How foolish she had been not to wear a hat to protect her from the heat.

The air between the high hedges of the road held the warmth dancing above the earth, already turning to dust. A passing car sent it swirling up to settle on nettles and hawthorns by the roadside, veiling them in greyness.

As she passed the Council cottages, a small figure appeared in the far distance. It was Stubbs, and even so far away she could see that all was not well with him. His hands thrust deep in his trouser pockets, he was plodding along like an old man.

"What's the matter, Stubbs?" she called out as she drew nearer, wondering if there were anything wrong with Nap.

Please turn to page 30

AFTER dinner Cordelia set out to pay her farewell visit to Mrs. Dove. The sun was going down in red splendor, sending small rose-colored clouds hastening to the east, but beneath the shade of the thickly growing trees about the lodge night already seemed to have cast her dark shadow. Lamplight, shining through the latticed window, made those shadows seem darker yet.

Through the diamond-shaped panes Cordelia could see Mrs. Dove seated at the table. A book was propped up against a pot of scarlet geraniums in the circle of light from the oil-lamp hanging from the low ceiling.

With one hand she held a pair of glasses in front of her eyes, and she was slowly marking out a road for her reading across the printed page with the rheumatic-swollen forefinger of the other.

Continuing on her way round the

path, Cordelia found the back door open, and, knocking on it, she did not wait for an answer, but went in through the scullery to the kitchen before Mrs. Dove should have the trouble of moving from her chair.

She stared round with startled eyes as Cordelia entered.

"Oh, dear me!" she said faintly. "You gave me quite a turn . . . that Miss Havisham, she's tapping round the table with her stick, and for one moment when I heard that tap at the door I thought she'd got out of the book and was coming at me!"

Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes glittering with more than the excitement of "Great Expectations," thought Cordelia, as she explained that she had found the door ajar and had walked in to save her the bother of coming to it.

"That was thoughtful," said Mrs. Dove, "and I'm very glad to see you. You'd like a cup of tea, I expect. Sit you down, me dear."

"No, thank you," replied Cordelia,

seating herself on the chair at the opposite side of the table. "I mean, no thank you to the cup of tea. I've only just finished my dinner."

"The kettle's on the hob," said Mrs. Dove, but she made no move to rise from her chair, and Cordelia could sense the pain that her rheumatism was inflicting on her.

"Your rheumatism is worse this evening, isn't it?" she asked sympathetically.

"Could be better," admitted Mrs. Dove. "It's on account of all that rain; but don't speak of it . . . only encourages it to be spoken of . . . and this poor lady, she had worse to suffer. She doesn't know that dwelling on sorrow is no way to be rid of it. Now if she'll turn all that money she has to good account she'll forget her troubles; but no, she's just sitting down and brooding on them, hatching out more misery for everyone."

She went on with barely a pause, "I'm afraid for Pip; yes, I'm very much afraid she doesn't mean well

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Jeffrey handed an elaborate-looking pass to the Customs officer, and that seemed to satisfy him.

Danger After Dark

By RICHARD STERN

THEY met at the airport at Ciudad Trujillo on a hot summer day. Loring was at the end of the line at Customs, standing behind the five other passengers, and her camera and camera gear lined the counter. It was the cameras that identified her for Jeffrey.

"You're Loring Martin," he said.

"Yes."

Her face was pale; New York would account for that. It was also faintly, translucently green, and solemn. The air was bumpy sometimes, Jeffrey thought, between Puerto Rico and Trujillo City, so that, too, was explained. But there was another matter.

"I expected a man," he said.

She wondered when she would hear that for the last time. Never, probably. "I'm afraid I can't help my name."

"I suppose not."

He turned away, and she watched him, studied him cautiously, as she studied every writer with whom she had to work. She decided that he was a little too sure of himself.

But then all writers were, she thought; all men were, as a matter of fact, or at least all of them who were worth any attention at all. So it didn't prove much.

He had one of the Customs officers now, and he was talking to him in Spanish, in a lordly, demanding way. The officer seemed undecided. Jeffrey got out his wallet. From it he took a card, decorated with stamps and bearing the imprint of the Great Seal of the United States of America.

He flourished it and spoke again. And that did it. The five other passengers stood by and watched while the cameras and the flash guns and the films and the two suitcases slid smoothly through the formalities. And then they were outside in the bright, hot sun, walking towards the jeep.

"Neat," the girl said.

Jeffrey said nothing.

"But were we in such a hurry? Crowding ahead of the rest?"

"No sense in waiting," Jeffrey said. He was putting the suitcases in the back of the jeep. A soldier strolled over, out of the shade. Jeffrey ignored him. "I don't like to wait."

"I see." Some color seemed to have come into her face. Not much, but some. Enough, anyway, to give it animation. "And do you always do what you like?"

"Most times." He was grinning, sliding in under the wheel. "If you're ready," he said, "let's trot off to Monte Cristi and do our epic, Bananas, their birth and love life and why they don't go into the refrigerator."

Loring said, "What was the miracle card you waved back there?"

"Driver's licence." He had the engine started. "New York, with a three-cent and a special-delivery stamp on it. The seal—" He was letting off the parking brake, watching her, still grinning. "The seal I borrowed one day in the Embassy in Port au Prince."

"Did you ever," Loring said, "consider carrying a Junior G-man badge?"

"It's a thought." They were starting to move. The soldier watched them in silence.

"I think," Loring said, "that our friend wants to talk to you."

"Tough." He glanced at the soldier. In Spanish he said, "Watch yourself." Then he backed in a tight arc, stopped, went into first gear. They bounced out of the parking area.

They stopped briefly at the hotel. Loring left one suitcase, changed into slacks and a long-sleeved shirt. They drove along the macadam streets and out of the town, and then the dirt road began.

Loring said, "Monte Cristi?"

"On the north coast," Jeffrey said. "By road, about two hundred miles. We'll stop to-night, be there to-morrow afternoon."

"We stop because of me? Because I'm a woman and I can't take it?"

He just grinned at that, his eyes on the road. The jeep skipped from high spot to high spot.

"Monte Cristi," she said, "is close to Cuba. It was mentioned in New York that there might be another story there, besides bananas."

"The invasion," Jeffrey said. "The boys who've been tossed out of the country and who want to get back in and toss out the tossers."

"Yes."

Please turn to page 35

Page 9

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 15, 1950





Sensation in London



Sensation in Paris



Now here!

KEMT HAIR GLORIFIER

A minute at morn, another at night, keeps the ladies of London, the mam'selles of Paris, "Kemt" the whole day through. Kemt is on fashionable dressing tables all over Europe and the British Isles.

Kemt is a new, exciting preparation to give you lovelier hair.

Sprayed from its dainty flask with the exclusive *Mist-ifier*, Kemt becomes a sparkling spray, fine as morning mist. Direct this fragrant spray as the final crowning touch before you leave your dressing table and your hair will glow with a new thrilling radiance. It takes only a minute to glamourise your hair with Kemt, yet the extra loveliness it gives you will last the whole day through. You see, Kemt is a secret combination of pure, fragrant oils refined and specially blended for a woman's hair.

Complete with exclusive *Mist-ifier*. No rubber ball to perish. Nothing to go wrong, the Kemt one-hand spray will last a lifetime. Kemt comes in two shades — dark and light — at all stores, beauty salons and chemists. Complete with spray 7/11, Refills 3/6



Kemt **magic mist**

GLORIFY YOUR HAIR

IN ONE MINUTE

Ray Hordern's Paris Notes.

● Leopard trim is impossible to ignore as so many Paris houses feature it this season. Jean Dessès uses it, at right, to make an inset yoke on his suit, cut with a wide neckline and lapels forming a brief shoulder cape.

● The belted dressmaker suit, at right, by Dior, established the belted blouse line appearing constantly in autumn styles. It has comfort, chic.

● For youthful charm and ease of wearing, Fath's suit, at left, would be hard to equal. The reeler jacket has its sleeves to just below elbow with enormous seal cuffs, and the mid-calf-length skirt tapers to the slimmest line.

● Jacques Fath has a wonderful line in his fur-collared suit-frock, above, with its asymmetrical row of buttons from waist to hem and sharply pointed peplum.

● Leopard again, this time manipulated with exceeding cleverness by Carven. She makes the entire bodice, at right, of leopard, and then folds the jacket skilfully on to it.

Dorothea Johnson

Miss Agnes de Saint-Phalle

Enchanting New York Debutante, says:

"I love the quick results I get from Pond's Cold Cream. My face responds immediately — feels so much fresher, so delightfully soft, and has a very nice glow of color that I specially like."



Give your skin that *Glow of Beauty*

"Blush-cleanse" to-night!



- 1 **Rouse** your face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream and swirl it in soft, creamy circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
- 2 **Blush-rinse.** Cream again with snowy soft Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl about 25 more creamy circles over your face. Tissue well.
- 3 **Tingle** your face with a splash of cold water. Blot dry.

See your new face! It's radiant! It feels like smooth velvet! Your cheeks full of pink roses! So every night — this complete "blush-cleansing". Every morning — for a bright-awake look — a once over "blush-cleansing" with your Pond's.

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Stomach "queasy" —
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"Where does she get those clothes on her salary I'd like to know?"

WHITE COLLAR ZOO

... All in the office girl's day



Girl showing off her new engagement ring.

THIS is our second selection of pictures from "White Collar Zoo," a collection made by Clare Barnes, jun., who saw in the animals likenesses to people about the office. See any of your co-workers on these pages? Clare Barnes is art director of an advertising agency in America.



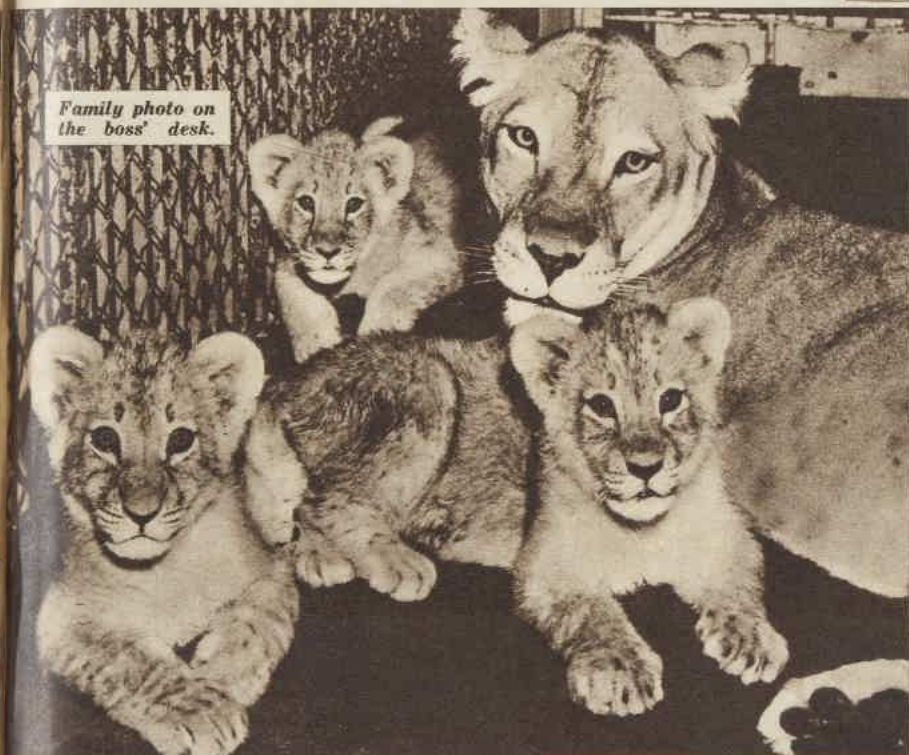
"I'm looking for an interesting job that doesn't call for any typing or shorthand."



"I really shouldn't be in to-day with this cold."



"Do you really like it? It was marked right down."



Family photo on the boss' desk.



"I really shouldn't wear it to work, but I'm going to a party to-night."



"You tell him this for him and his rush jobs."



"Listen! I didn't touch your typewriter, so shut up!"

Leading the Fashion Parade!

**NEW
COLOURS**

**NEW
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**NEW
COMFORT**



'SHERWOOD GREEN'
As lush as Autumn fields, this green makes a brave gesture to winter. The jacket carries a plaid in contrast to the plain green skirt.

'CARNIVAL RUBY'
The famous 'bouclé' yarn fashioned into a perfectly tailored suit, relieved by pintucking on pockets and a distinctive new collar treatment.

'BURN'T HEATHER'
Autumn is personified in the sweetly restrained toning of Burn't Heather. This suit is of fine knit, relieved by stitched seams at pocket level. The roll collar is rock and smart.

HERE we have illustrated 3 cheery Black Lance numbers from the scintillating new season's styles. Available in a wide range of colours, styles and fabrics (including the famous 'Bouclé' knot) at all the best stores across Australia. Just one thing! —be sure you see the Black Lance label. It's your guarantee.

Black Lance
WOOL SUITS

NP10

Rene Suggests

THE FOUR-IN-ONE

● Grey velvet is ideal for a most useful four-in-one frock for after-five occasions. It is shown, at left, for cocktail wear, a straight sheath frock with a tiny but snug bolero, collared and cuffed.

● The basic sheath dress appears, below left, as a strapless short theatre frock, with a lovely pale pink silk rose tucked into one side of the bodice. The skirt is made to wrap over at the back for easier movement.

● For a dinner party wear the same frock, but minus the bolero and instead, as above, with very wide shoulder straps, which are removable but give just enough cover-up for the not-too-formal occasion.

● The sheath dress can be turned into a graceful ballerina dance frock, as above, with a matching tulle tie-on overskirt, and the roses pinned casually at the waist.

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Those tiny diamonds give such fast, gentle suds... make stockings last twice as long!



Stockings lead a charmed life when you LUX them each night!

Double the wear from every pair! Tests prove you can actually halve your stocking bills this easy Lux way. Instead of using strong soaps or harsh washing methods, Lux your precious nylons when you take them off at night. Just add lukewarm water and watch those silky Lux diamonds billow up into such gentle suds — so safe for filmy stockings, kind to pretty hands.

Don't risk harsh soaps!

Keep your hands soft and petal-smooth. Lux care is gentler.



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on Underwear



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woollens maintain a natural, even body temperature. They're warm, but light and soft, so your body can breathe, safe alike from cold and overheating.



MORLEY "VELNIT"

interlock cotton is luxuriously soft and smooth against your skin. Its unusual elasticity ensures a snug fit — and it stands up to plenty of wear and washing.

M.L.F.C.

Writer of "Little Princesses" is keen observer

First instalment next week of intimate story of Royal life

By ANNE MATHESON of our London staff

Marion Crawford, governess to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, kept an intimate diary recording much of what happened behind the pageantry of royal life in Buckingham Palace. Publication of this fascinating story commences next week in *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

Every letter and snapshot, even a price tag Elizabeth forgot to take from a Christmas gift, were stored away in Crawford's trunks.

FROM this diary and from her souvenirs Marion Crawford wrote her intimate story of "The Little Princesses."

In the seclusion of her "grace and favor" residence in Kensington Palace, given her by the King after her marriage to banker Major George Nairn Buthlay, of Aberdeen, "Crawfie," as the Princesses called her, pieced together the fascinating story of the years she had spent in the Royal household.

Crawfie of the quiet, reserved manner, the wide, intelligent forehead, and the gift for teaching that amounted almost to genius, had, herself, developed in the warm, friendly atmosphere of the home of the Duke and Duchess of York.

She became more than governess. She was the confidant of Elizabeth, and the close companion of both girls.

Crawfie was married in 1947 in the Abbey at Dunfermline, Scotland, where her home was, but she remained with the Royal Family until after Princess Elizabeth's wedding.

Major and Mrs. Buthlay had two special seats in Westminster Abbey for Elizabeth's wedding. Their present to her was a lovely damask tablecloth.

Discerning eye

THEN when Princess Margaret's official duties and social programme left little further time for study, Crawford retired to her cottage to write her memoirs.

She included surprisingly intimate details of the lives of the Princesses and those around them.

Only someone of Marion Crawford's quick intelligence, discerning eye, and lively sense of fun could have caught each moment and so preserved it in her memory that her pen reproduces incidents which happened years ago as though they occurred yesterday.

A born teacher, she studied at Moray Training College, Edinburgh, and received their "training record." What was more important to the King and Queen than academic distinction was the fact that she had the sense of gaiety

★ Next week's long instalment of "The Little Princesses" tells the story of their lives from early childhood until shortly before the abdication of their beloved Uncle David, Edward VIII.

both wanted in their daughters' governess.

Crawfie did bring into the sheltered lives of the little girls such a breath of the outside world that she is largely responsible for their gracious, natural manner towards everyone they meet.

She says quite frankly that she had little money on which to dress, but her Scottish dignity ensured that she moved in Court circles with unselfconscious poise.

There was never any suggestion of "the little governess" about Marion Crawford, even when she was new to Court circles.

When it was finally decided that she was to be governess to the Princesses, she returned to her home to set her affairs in order and to collect a suitable wardrobe.

She writes: "... thanks to a mother who was clever with her needle, I went south again ready for any royal occasion."

When her charges were having their summer vacations in the Highlands, before the war, Crawford travelled abroad a great deal, and her letters, with strange stamps on the envelopes, were always a joy to the little girls.

But none of these excursions altered Crawford's simple taste in clothes—English lightweight tweeds and soft cashmere pullovers, or large flowery prints in summer.

Her innate dress sense served her well, and a tall, slim figure, with a long waist and willowy movements, gave her an air of being well dressed in a casual way.



MRS. GEORGE BUTHLAY, formerly Marion Crawford, governess to the Royal Princesses, at the gate of her "grace and favor" cottage at Kensington.

I remember that when I saw her first in the uniform of a Lieutenant of Guides, after the Buckingham Palace Guide troop was formed, I remarked how well she wore a uniform.

She might have been happier always in uniform, instead of having to think out suitable clothes to wear beside some of the best-dressed women in England.

Material used for her first evening frock, worn after she took up her duties, was actually destined for window curtains.

Many who read her frank memoirs now must marvel that her well-dressed appearance did not come as easily as the manner in which she wore her clothes.

Her skin is pale ivory, she has little color in her cheeks, and her

hair is fair to light brown, her eyes a light hazel.

She is much prettier than any of her photographs suggest, though Crawford is probably the least photographed woman in public life.

If there is anything Marion Crawford hates it is a camera lens trained on herself, and the King has an amusing snapshot of a back view of Crawford disappearing under a cart to avoid Press photographers.

Tact and patience

THERE was, however, never anything stiff or starchy in her manner of answering reporters' questions about the Princesses. She would take endless trouble, and parry awkward questions tactfully and patiently.

But not one line of publicity would she countenance for herself.

She was a close observer, and set herself the task of bridging for the Princesses the gap between the vacuum of the Court circles and the outside world.

Through her eyes Elizabeth and Margaret saw much that was happening, and, because she was not an academic type, but a girl whose natural bent was absorbing and passing on knowledge, they had the same fresh impression of events that she herself gained.

You could hear Marion Crawford's gay laughter any day after luncheon as she went with the Princesses in the lift to the schoolroom.

The King made Marion Crawford a Member of the Royal Victorian Order before she left the Palace to be married.

It is his own personal Order to confer on whom he wishes for services rendered.

In March, 1949, he invested her as a Commander of the Order.

Princess Elizabeth's wedding present was a coffee set, Margaret gave her three bedside lamps, Queen Mary a complete dinner service, and the Princess Royal a visitors' book.

Now with the limelight caused by her story turned full upon her she is as shy and retiring as ever—and as reticent about her private life as she was in the years she served the Royal Family.

Her husband is in his mid-forties, of medium height, and rosy complexion, with a plump face. He looks more like a farmer than a banker. They have been friends since schooldays.

He was formerly in the Regular Army, and was stationed with his Highland regiment in Ceylon. When he left the Army he remained in Ceylon in business until his return to England, after which he joined a firm of bankers in London.

George Buthlay has an Aberdeen accent, which becomes broader as he gets excited.

He has a number of Australian friends, including the Australian Trade Commissioner, Mr. C. E. Critchley, and he used to play tennis with Jack Crawford.

His excellent literary taste was of assistance to his wife while she was writing her book.

Now Major and Mrs. Buthlay are putting out the dust sheets at "Nottingham Cottage," and setting off for their first real holiday together.



FROM CRAWFIE'S ALBUM. This picture shows Marion Crawford with Princess Elizabeth and the sculptor, Sigmund Strobl. He was working on a bust of the Princess.

TO FLOG— OR NOT?

IT is good that the British Government has firmly rejected the demand for re-introduction of flogging.

Such punishment is a relic of the black past when it was thought that inflicting pain on the bodies of wrongdoers would do some good to their minds or characters, or would frighten them out of their evil ways.

Modern scientific opinion believes that corporal punishment is valueless in this way, and in practice there has been no proof of its efficacy.

Most horrifying thing in the whole controversy has been a newspaper poll which revealed that thousands of people favored the use of the lash or birch.

These people have surely confused vengeance with justice.

It is just that the basher and the thief should be captured and punished, but the further object of law and authority must be to bring about their reform.

If the punishment meted out to criminals is not severe enough, the penal code needs revision to provide longer sentences or harder labor as a stronger deterrent.

More attention from doctors, psychiatrists, social workers, a strengthening of the character-building influences youth meets—these are the better ways of crime prevention.

Corporal punishment degrades and brutalises those who use it as well as those who suffer it.

What becomes of the community's ruling that to bash is wrong if the community in turn bashes the basher?

DIANE DE POITIERS . . . French beauty

WITH the perfect skill of her mythological namesake, Diane de Poitiers let fly a shaft which transfixed the heart of Henri the Second of France and made him her willing captive for 20 years.

She did not emulate so successfully the other noted attribute of the goddess.

But chastity was not a virtue highly prized or much practised by the 16th century French Court, and Diane was, above all, the child of her age.

The Court of Francois the First was intoxicated with the wonders of the Italian Renaissance and obsessed with the things of the world.

Diane was beautiful and worshipped beauty; she was intelligent and admired brains; she lived in a world so splendid and extravagant that it was difficult for her to believe that it could not last for ever.

From the teachings of Machiavelli she learned the dangerous precept, "If you sin, let it be a big sin."

Diane, the Countess of Saint-Vallier, was the eldest of the three daughters of Jean de Poitiers. Her mother died when she was ten, and she was sent to Monluc to become a maid-in-waiting to the Duchess of Bourbon.

The Duchess was kindly but worldly wise, and her ideas influenced the future behaviour of her young charge.

"It's a hard world, and one gets what one can," she would tell Diane. "Do not get love and marriage confused. Love if you will, but marry well."

These were difficult maxims for a 15-year-old girl to keep in mind when she first saw the husband who had been selected for her.

Louis de Breze, the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, was 55 and a bump-back when Diane married him in 1515.

After the wedding, Louis took his beautiful bride to the Court of the new monarch, Francois the First, at Fontainebleau.

Diane, a graceful and intrepid horsewoman, rode with the Court in the forest, and because of her hunting skill was quickly dubbed "Diane the Huntress."

Afterwards Francois proudly showed her his art treasures, brought from Italy at great expense. He pointed out the Mona Lisa, the young St. John, and the Virgin on the Rocks, by the marvellous Leonardo da Vinci.

The King explained that he had persuaded Leonardo to come back with him so that the Court of France would be as rich in beauty as the

Italian duchies. Others, he was confident, would follow, including Cellini, and perhaps Andrea del Sarto.

"One must never lose sight of beauty," Francois told Diane, looking down his nose at the fair young bride.

Diane remembered the King's words a trifle ruefully in the grim and gloomy castle of Anet, in Normandy, to which her husband took her.

Her only pleasures were books and hunting and housewifery, at which she excelled. Much of the time, her grim husband was away fighting for the King.

Every morning Diane rode, and afterwards took a cold bath. To this habit, extraordinary in an age when baths of any sort were a novelty, she later attributed her health and prolonged youthfulness.

At Anet Diane's two daughters, Louise and Francoise, were born.

In 1525 Louis de Breze followed Francois to Italy, when he went to claim the Duchy of Milan for France.

But at Pavia the gallant and self-confident French monarch was crushingly defeated by the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

"Do not confuse love and marriage," was advice given her as a young girl

Francois was held prisoner at the Alcazar, outside Madrid, and had to buy his freedom and his country back by marrying Eleanor of Castile, the sister of the Emperor.

He was also compelled to leave his motherless sons, Francois the Dauphin and Henri, as hostages to Charles for four years.

Thankfully the chastened knight-errant returned to his kingdom.

Diane's husband was one of the few nobles to escape death or capture at Pavia.

In 1531 he died, and she erected an elaborate memorial to him, then set out as quickly as possible to taste the diverse pleasures of the Court.

She was then 33, in perfect health and at the height of her beauty.

Among the beauties of Francois' Court, the slight and supple redhead with the pale skin could more than hold her own. With the intellectuals, including Rabelais, Marga-



DIANE DE POITIERS, from the painting by Francesco Primaticcio.

ret of Navarre, and Benvenuto Cellini, she could converse with ease.

Diane cast her bright eyes around the spectacle of the Court, and wondered what was in store for her there.

Fate answered her question in a dramatic way.

At Court, Diane was popular and sought after, but her beauty and haughty manner made one powerful enemy for her—Anne d'Heilly, Duchesse d'Etampes, the reigning mistress of Francois.

One day, in 1535, surrounded by her little circle, Anne began to taunt Diane, and quoted one of the popular lampoons on her wrinkled skin and faded beauty.

Diane, imprudently, was stung into retort, and pointed out to the Duchesse that there were only eight years between them.

It was a dangerous moment for Diane, for Anne was all-powerful at the Court.

At that instant, Francois' second son, Henri, Duke of Orleans, joined the group.

Henri answered Anne by saying that what the satirist had called Diane's autumn of life, to his mind, surpassed the springtime loveliness of other women, and taking Diane by the arm he led her away.

Within minutes the Court was buzzing with the story of Henri's championship of Diane and the Duchesse d'Etampes' discomfiture.

Henri at this time was almost unknown at Court. Since his return from Spain he had spent most of his time at the frontier fortresses, and had never previously singled out any woman for his favor.

He was a lonely youth of 17, in whom his imprisonment in a Spanish castle had left a permanent

FAMOUS WOMEN

melancholy. Henri had been married in 1533, by an arrangement between Francois and Pope Clement VII (Guilio de Medici) to the Pope's niece, Catherine de Medici.

Although he coveted the Medici wealth, Francois would not accept Catherine for the Dauphin, Francois. He was too proud, he admitted, to have the three halves of the Medici family (they were merchants, erstwhile money-lenders) alongside the Royal fleur de lys of France.

But Francois was willing to compromise. Henri was the second son and would not reign. Catherine could have Henri.

Henri brought to the marriage a pleasant face, a handsome figure, and an extreme distaste for arranged political marriages.

Catherine brought immense wealth, a plain face, an already broken heart (she had loved her cousin, Ippolito), and an almost pathetic desire to please.

"Catherine de Medici without a smile on her face," remarked a courtier, "is like a peacock without a tail."

Meeting Diane, Henri for the first time felt deeply attracted to a woman. She had the charms of maturity, and she promised affection, of which he had had little in his lifetime.

Diane, a practical Frenchwoman, considered carefully Henri's offer of his protection.

The position of a Royal mistress was precarious. She shuddered when she remembered the fate of some of the beautiful women who had ventured all for a prince's love, and in the end had gained only humiliation, rejection, sometimes sudden death.

If she accepted Henri's offer, Diane saw clearly there were dangers. But what was the alternative?

Just as clearly she could see a vista, of years, each increasingly dull, never achieving anything, her place at Court becoming less and less important, ending, perhaps, in a lonely old age at Anet.

It is not known exactly when the liaison began, but biographers believe that Diane kept Henri waiting some months for his decision.

Continued on page 22

LOW NECKLINES, HIGH HATS

FOUR years ago a Hollywood dress designer presented the world with frontless evening gowns. But they were not a success.

Now Paris frocks have taken the plunge. They have been dropping steadily for four years, and have started a power-dive that looks like taking them very close to the waist-line.

Four full-color pictures in A.M. for April, now on sale, show how French designers are falling for the daring new neckline.

Another fashion page in A.M. shows how feather-brained hats can be, when milliners decide to feature plumes.

Shown at a charity ball, the hats were trimmed with feathers ranging from those of wrens to peacocks and birds of paradise. Some of the more remarkable designs were two feet high, and looked like Red Indian head-dresses. Some had disembodied hands clutching bunches of feathers.

The hats tickled the women at the ball, but the men gave them the bird.

A.M., the magazine for men and women, is sold everywhere. Price is 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





YOUNG FOLK AT HAY. John Best (left, front row), of Gre Gre, Hay; Jill Officer, Trangie; Christine Wilkinson, Hay; Bob Watson, Wodonga, Victoria; Michael Tooth, Deniliquin; (top row, left) Elizabeth Allen, "Carinya," Cooma; Bob Wilkinson, Hay; and Franc Falkner, Boonoke, Conargo.



PRETTY DEB Wendy Matthews dances with Bob Bell at ball at Waradgeri Club. Wendy, who is one of prettiest lasses in district, wears pale blue broderie anglaise to ball, which is first big party she has attended.



RACES POSTPONED, but honorary secretary Ford Parker, of Gre Gre, Hay, decides if they can't race they may go hunting, and dresses in combination of clerk-of-the-course and hunting outfit when he talks with Mrs. F. McFarland, of Canoon, Hay, and Mrs. R. B. Ronald, of "Nap Nap," Hay.



SYDNEY VISITORS. Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Newell, of Lindfield, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Bindi Robinson, of Natus, Booligal, danced together at ball held at Waradgeri Club.

Parties at Hay

By JOYCE BOWDEN

THE Riverina Picnic Race Club picnics held at Hay were a washout from the racing point of view, but members and guests who had come from near and far carried on with their social programme despite weather conditions.

Cocktail parties, luncheons, and a ball each night were held to keep guests amused, and owners who had brought their horses along to race gave them a trial gallop along the roadway so that guests could at least see their form.

I've been on a round of picnic race meetings in the country for The Australian Women's Weekly in heat and dust and rain, but never before have we been unfortunate enough to find the races cancelled.

Before leaving we had inquired from Hay whether the races were still "on," and whether we would be able to get out before the floods came.

Being assured on both points, and told the floods were not expected until after the races, we set off.

Photographer Ernie Nutt and I left by A.N.A. plane, and expected to be anapping members making their bets, enjoying picnic lunches, a few hours after leaving the city.

We sat in our plane at Mascot for more than an hour waiting for the fog to lift before we could be on our way!

Once up, we were soon looking out on desolate flooded land at Wagga.

Narrandera was our next port of call, and I began to think we had missed our cue by not coming in a seaplane, as the aerodrome looked like an island.

Pilot of our aircraft, Captain Peter Clark, had to inform his passengers that because of heavy rain Hay aerodrome was closed and that he would have to land us at Deniliquin. No sooner had we left Narrandera than we learned from attractive air hostess Pam Salter that Deniliquin was also closed. So there we were, a plane full of people all trying to decide where would be our best spot to disembark.



FROM ROTO. Mrs. Archie Laird and her husband, from Mount View, Roto, with Mr. and Mrs. David Ritchie, of Warranary, Roto. Before marriage, Mrs. Ritchie was Roslyn Dangar, of Edgecliff, Sydney.

Everyone was offering advice and discussing train timetables and other means of travel.

At Narrandera we found other Sydney folk waiting for a plane to take them on. They were Mrs. Phil Yates, of Bellevue Hill; Tony Buckingham, of Elizabeth Bay; and country lasses Jill Officer, Trangie, Bea Allen, of Cooma, and Christine Wilkinson, of Hay. Mrs. Yates and Tony had left Sydney the previous day at 11 a.m., and the other lasses had joined the plane at Canberra. When their plane was diverted owing to bad weather they had had to spend the night at Mildura.

On we flew to Griffith, nearest stop to Hay, and from there by car over boggy roads where our car did a waltzing matilda over the skids. Hay at last, and still lowering skies.

Still optimistic

NO picnics, but hopes were still high for the racing the next day. The cocktail party was held that evening and also the ball at night when heavy rain poured down, making a quagmire of the entrance to the Waradgeri Club, where all the social functions were held.

Although the next day was overcast but fine the course was still too wet to race, so guests "slept in," and then wandered round the town before lunch at the Crown Hotel. Later in the afternoon some of the young bloods decided to give their horses a bit of exercise and took them out along the Booligal road for a trial run. A few of the guests came along just for the fun before going on to the cocktail party and the ball which was held again at night.

Everyone was gay at the ball, and above the strains of the band the whine of the bulldozers could be

heard. Volunteers from the town, many of whom had been working at their normal jobs all day, were busy building the embankment to try to stop the floodwaters which were expected at any time.

The Murrumbidgee was beginning its slow rise, making the town's water supply muddy. Except for the lucky few who bathed in rainwater, most people felt worse after their showers than before. I cleaned my teeth with a bottle of soda water, but Hay "picnickers" claimed I must be a softy. They said the water had "body" in it—that is, the few odd sheep and kangaroos that the floods had collected on their way down!

Lots of people left the next morning when it was assured that the races were definitely off until next year. For the remaining stragglers, club members held a "recovery" luncheon at the club before beating a hasty retreat to their properties to prepare for the coming of the floods. The president, Mr. R. W. Clark, and his wife had learned that their property, Mycumbene, Booligal, was already inaccessible and that they would have to make part of their journey home by canoe.

Hay residents reckon Australian poet Banjo Paterson maligned them in his poem "Hay and Hell and Booligal."

"It never seems to rain at all. But, if there should come any rain, You couldn't cross the black soil plain, You'd have to stop in Booligal. 'We'd have to stop!' With bated breath

We prayed that both in life and death

Our fate in other lines might fall. Oh, send us to our just reward, In Hay, or Hell, but, gracious Lord, Deliver us from Booligal!"

I couldn't agree with "Banjo" more.



HAPPY GROUP. Nigel Ross, of Kanimbria, Holbrook (left), with Mrs. George Cannon, Mr. Cannon, of Horton Park, Booligal, and Mrs. Tony Watson, of Hay, at cocktail party held on the first day.



COCKTAIL PARTY. Mr. Bill Armstrong, of Deniliquin, who is assistant-starter for the V.R.C., with Mrs. A. P. Matthews, wife of president of Waradgeri Club, and president of Riverina Picnic Race Club, Mr. R. W. Clark, and Mrs. Clark, at cocktail party held at Waradgeri Club on second night of festivities.



MAZDA
ELECTRIC LAMPS
AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC
Representative in Australia for The British Thomson-Houston Company Ltd. England

A Bargain for Edie

Continued from page 4

OBEDIENTLY, Bert fetched them and dropped the three boxes into Edie's lap. "The little box is for you," he told her. "The two big ones—they're for the baby."

She paused to stare at him. "If you've bought toys already," she snapped, "I'll murder you. Honest, Bert—I'll—"

"Stop complaining." He smiled. "They're not toys. We don't know yet what it's going to be. I'm not that dumb."

She unwrapped the two large boxes and silently fingered the christening mug and the little spoon. She never said a word. She just sat there staring at them. She leaned against her husband's shoulder.

"It's solid sterling silver, Edie," he pleaded. "Sterling."

"They're lovely."

"I got 'em at an auction, Edie. They're a real bargain."

That brought an instant response. "How much? How much did you pay, Bert?"

"It was a real bargain," he insisted. "The man said—"

"How much? And tell me the truth."

Despite her order he decided to shade the prices considerably. He was no longer too sure that they were a bargain.

"Well," he said, "the mug I got for £3 and the other things were £2/10/-."

"Good!" She was quite impressed. "A real bargain! Sterling!" She could usually tell when he was lying but she didn't doubt him now. He felt good.

"Now open your present, Edie."

She set the other boxes carefully aside and picked up the last package. She took out the little string of pearls, and dangled them from the tip of her forefinger.

"Oh, Bert!" she said. "Bert, darling—they're so wonderful! Oh, Bert—you're mad!"

She jumped up, ran to the mirror and, gazing at herself, fastened the pearls around her neck. "You're crazy," she said. "Who do you think you are—a millionaire? They're beautiful. All that money. And the baby coming. You haven't a brain in your head."

Bert lit a cigarette. It was funny, he thought. Now he couldn't tell her they were free. When he bought the other stuff he'd thought that getting the pearls free would take the curse off all the money he'd

spent, but now, somehow, he didn't want to tell her that they didn't cost a penny.

She came back and stood in front of him, fingering the pearls, her face suddenly sober.

"Bert, dear—I know I shouldn't ask—it's a present and you don't ask about presents—but we have to be sensible now. How much did you pay for them?"

He did some rapid mental arithmetic. He had paid £8 for the baby's things, and he had told her £5/10/-. She believed him, too.

"It was a real bargain, Edie. The man said they often got £15."

"No stalling, Bert. How much?"

"Eight pounds," he said.

She went back to the mirror and admired the pearls again.

"You shouldn't have spent all that money," she said. "You really shouldn't have. They're so pretty. I always did want a string of pearls."

Her cheeks were flushed with pleasure and with the pride of owning such a beautiful expensive necklace.

Later, all through dinner, she looked at the boxes. "Do you feel all right, Edie?" Bert asked. "You seem so quiet."

"Is that a crime?"

"No, Edie, no. I just want to be sure you feel all right. I mean with the baby—"

She turned her face away, and he was troubled to see that she was crying.

"Don't cry, Edie," he began. "Look—I didn't spend—don't cry, Edie."

"Oh, Bert, dear—leave me alone. I'll cry if I feel like it. Now I feel like it. I feel wonderful, honest."

"You don't look so happy," he insisted solicitously.

She smiled at him, her eyes still brimming.

"What do you want me to do—turn somersaults?"

He heaved a tremendous sigh of relief. That was the old Edie. There was nobody quite like Edie.

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RELAXING. Shivaram, his manager-producer, Louise Lightfoot, and 21-year-old Janaki discuss plans for tour of New South Wales country centres, arranged by Arts Council, starting this week.

Temple dancing runs in family

Brilliant 29-year-old Indian dancer Shivaram, partnered by lovely 21-year-old Janaki, first Indian woman dancer to visit here, is making his second tour of Australia.

They will appear as guest artists in the elaborate Indra Vijayam Ballet with the Melbourne National Ballet when the Sydney season opens on June 19.

SHIVARAM laughs a lot because "laughing makes you happy, and if you are happy, good luck will come."

When he is particularly pleased with himself he curls himself up into a ball and rolls round the floor.

But he says that he did not always have cause to laugh.

Even when his talent was recognised by Vallathol, poet laureate of the Indian Province of Malabar, who gave him a scholarship to the famous academy for temple dancers, every member of his family frowned except his father.

He had a great battle to convince the twelve close relatives, who make up his family's household, that he "just wouldn't do anything but dance."

This seemed a disaster to them. Shivaram's father had proved himself unreliable as a breadwinner.

He, too, was a temple dancer, and refused to be nailed down to conventional breadwinning, working in

the paddyfields. As soon as the dry season began he was off to the temples for the dancing.

Now a success, and conscientiously contributing to the support of the household, Shivaram has been forgiven by his mother, who is proud of her famous son.

If it hadn't been for the efforts of Louise Lightfoot, former Melbourne architect and ballet producer, Shivaram would probably still be suffering scoldings from his mother, and uncles, and aunts for idling his time away as a five-rupees-a-week temple dancer, after he had completed his twelve years' grueling course as a Kathakali dancer.

Miss Lightfoot first saw him in 1938, when she enrolled as a student at the Kerala Kalamandalam Academy in Malabar. He was only in his teens, but became one of her tutors.

She remained in India throughout the war, and then, as his manager-producer, piloted him in a tour which included Ceylon. She arranged a tour of Australia in 1947, then took him to London and Paris.

OUR cover picture of Janaki and Shivaram shows them in a dance drama symbolising a soul searching for its beloved. Janaki has the role of Rhada, a simple girl who herds cows and who captures the heart of the Indian god, Krishna.

Janaki, Shivaram's partner, is his opposite in temperament. She is aloof, faun-like, and not as infectious as Shivaram.

Her conversation is limited to shy smiles with slow, graceful nods, or shakes of the head.

Only a few Hindu women successfully rebel against the tradition of early marriage, and follow careers.

Professional dancing, particularly, is reserved for men, so Janaki had to be just as obstinate about her career as Shivaram was.

Janaki is making her Western debut. She spends at least an hour a day massaging her body with sweet-scented oil to keep it supple.

Dancers must sink their identity during performances and live the roles of supernatural beings idealised in Hindu mythology, religion, history, and ethics.

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HELP STOP TOOTH DECAY!
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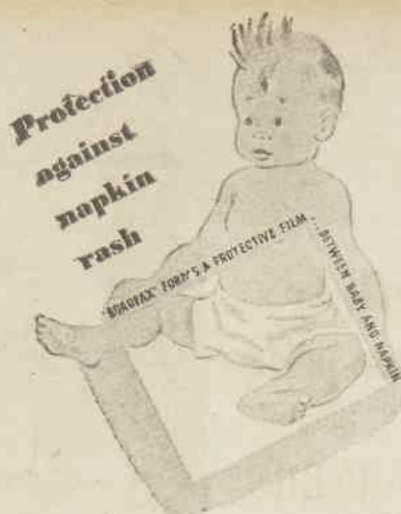
DAILY shampoo and coconut oil dressing of raven locks for Janaki, who plaits her hair to keep it under control while it is drying.



READY for styling, Janaki loops hair in right hand, and gathering ends with left, draws them tightly through loop. No pins are used.



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Diane de Poitiers

Continued from page 18

EITHER she had trouble settling her moral scruples or she knew that a clever game of keeping her Royal suitor on tenterhooks would pay in the long run.

In August, 1536, the Dauphin Francois died after drinking a glass of iced water while out hunting.

The Court was full of rumors as to what that glass contained, and many suspicious eyes turned to Catherine de Medici, for it was known she was ambitious to become Queen of France.

Henri was now the Dauphin and not merely Francois' second son.

His aggrandisement made Diane sure she had chosen shrewdly. The mistress of the Dauphin was a very different thing from the inamorata of an unpopular younger son, even if he were a prince.

Francois must have been surprised, if not annoyed, that the haughty Diane should have disregarded his amorous glances and then favored his morose son.

Diane soon had the satisfaction, too, of triumphing over Anne d'Heully.

As Diane's star waxed, her enemy's waned. Anne's caprices had finally wearied Francois, who dismissed his mistress from the Court and prayed now to be preserved forever from the "wanton ways of women."

Francois' carefree days of wandering about France with an elaborate entourage from one Royal estate to another were coming to an end.

On March 31, 1547, he died, and in June Henri was crowned at Rheims, and later made his triumphant entry into Paris.

Catherine appeared outwardly to be quite complacent about her husband's absorption in Diane.

During the coronation celebrations, the new Queen seemed more interested in sampling the strange vegetable, the artichoke, which Rabelais had brought back from Italy, than in Henri and his mistress.

She was Queen now and had secured the succession. In 1544, after nine years of childless marriage, she had given birth to a son.

Thereafter, there was a new baby in the Royal nursery nearly every year, to the total of ten.

But Henri left no one in doubt which woman would wield the power behind his throne.

On his accession, he said to Diane: "You are dear to me. We are going forward together."

He turned to Diane continually for help and advice, and for some years she was his only confidant on State matters.

Francois before his death had dismissed the Constable of France, De Montmorency, and the new monarch found himself without trustworthy counsellors.

Diane persuaded Henri to recall De Montmorency in the interests of France.

Together each morning, Diane and Henri studied political philosophy and discussed Machiavelli's "The Prince" at length.

He made her Duchess of Valentinois, and bestowed great wealth on her.

Their initials D. and H. were entwined on the Royal standards and emblems, and she accompanied him on official visits to provincial cities.

Diane repaid Henri for his generosity. She was untiring in his service.

She was clear-thinking, firm in her opinions, practical, and dependable.

She did not seek Royal favors for her friends, nor take sides in Court quarrels. She lived simply, and apart from the castle she erected at Anet she used frugally the money that Henri lavished on her.

An extraordinary task Diane undertook was tutelage genius of

the Royal nursery. Henri entrusted to her the upbringing of his children, and she was midwife at Catherine's confinements.

Under Diane's influence Henri developed into a dignified and imposing man, although he never achieved the free and easy charm of his father.

The constancy and duration of his devotion to Diane was extraordinary, considering the disparity of their ages.

One historian explained it, at least in part, by stressing Henri's great dislike for change of any sort, and contending that Diane and Henri were united by habit rather than affection.

In April, 1558, the wedding of the Dauphin, Francois, to Mary Stuart, the Princess of Scotland, was celebrated, and all France was entranced with the loveliness of the young bride.

But the next year, with the dramatic suddenness with which Diane's good fortune had come, it was snatched away.

At the wedding of Henri's eldest daughter, Elisabeth, to the King of Spain, the athletic monarch took part in the jousting tournament at the Palais des Tournelles, which was part of the marriage celebrations.

During a joust with Gabriel Montgomery, the Captain of the Scottish Guards, the King was struck on the side of the head, the lance piercing his armor.

As the King fell from his horse the crowd surged forward.

King's confidant

Diane, horror-stricken, rushed towards Henri, but the press of people held her back and she could not reach him.

For ten days Henri lingered, suffering frightful agonies.

When he recovered consciousness for a brief time, his first action was to send for Montgomery and assure him that he would not be held responsible for the Royal injury.

Diane lived every moment of the ten days in torment. She constantly sought admission to the King's presence, but was refused.

Catherine in the end had triumphed, even if her exultation was hard-bought by the terrible death of her husband.

When it was all over, Diane undertook the sad and lonely journey back to Anet.

The new King, Francois II, only 15, soon fell under the influence of his mother, and forgot that Diane had been kinder to him in his childhood than anyone.

He demanded that Diane return the chateau at Chenonceaux and the Royal jewels, which Henri had lavished on her.

Diane, one day the beloved mistress of a King, a powerful statesman, and a proud beauty, was a fortnight later a middle-aged, lonely, and friendless woman.

But when her grief grew less, she found new friends and new happiness in the simple peasants of her Anet estates, who grew to love her for her many kindnesses.

The last years of her life were spent almost austere—her only cares for her tenants, her days spent in repentance. In February, 1566, she died.

During the revolution of 1789 Diane de Poitiers' body was torn from its tomb by the mob, to whom she represented what they wished to destroy.

The marble of the tomb was sold to a local mason, and the sarcophagus became a feeding-place for swine.

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"I'm afraid you carry the wrong policy. Burglary insurance doesn't cover injuries to burglars falling off ladders."

It seems to me ...

THE circus season, coinciding with Sydney Show time, reminds me of one of my life's unfulfilled ambitions — to be a trapeze artist.

The circuses I saw in my childhood were not on the grand scale, but they nevertheless delighted the hearts of the small townships in which they pitched their tents.

The trapeze ladies, wearing the most wonderful blue tights, so fired my imagination that for days I gazed at the classroom rafters, picturing myself swinging from one to another to the applause of enraptured audiences.

I don't remember that these small-time shows boasted any menagerie. I don't think they could have, because on one celebrated occasion the visiting circus, pitched on a vacant allotment nearby, borrowed our family cat, assuring us that no harm would come to him.

During the show one clown complained of having eaten too much "cat-pie." The other clown produced a stomach-pump, and by some entrancing legerdemain our cat suddenly appeared and streaked across the ring for home.

The show was a one-night stand, and our cat, having figured in this witty interlude, retired once more to domestic obscurity. Anyhow, if one couldn't be a trapeze artist, it was nice to have some link with the glamorous world of the circus.



Dorothy Drain

By

CERTAIN taciturn characters are fond of fishing, not so much for the pleasure of catching fish as for the placidity and silence of the sport.

"Shh!" they say, just as you ask them did they see that picture at the locals. "You'll frighten the fish."

They will be furious at the result of a University experiment on a quiet Michigan lake, where, on a 66-day excursion, one man fished, and every second day his colleague rushed round making a fearful racket with an outboard motor.

Records of the catch showed that noise made no difference.

This is bad news for the hermits of the headlands. If you should throw in beside one and begin to prattle, telling him it doesn't annoy the fish, he will have to resort to rudeness, saying, "No, but it annoys me." Which, I suspect, was the whole reason that Irak Walton started the theory.

WHEN a Royal Engineer was de-fusing a German bomb at Bristol recently, he heard a voice say, "Here is the news." The bomb had picked up a radio programme.

An unnerving experience. Let's hope we never hear it the other way round — the radio saying, "Here is the bomb."

MARSHAL TITO'S most trusted partisan commander, Petra Stambolic, made a mistake and cast his vote in the wrong ballot box — against Tito — in the Yugoslav elections.

Cables report that Tito, who was with him, said laughingly, "Petra, you're finished! You've voted in the wrong box." The mistake was corrected.

What a relief for Petra. Tito might have laughed his head off.

DR. STANLEY COOPER, who looks after sick pets of film stars, says that movie producers are nervous and make their dogs nervous, so that he often psycho-analyses his dog patients.

Oh, Hollywood dogs should be gay dogs, they live not in kennels but palaces,

But the pace is too fast for the pooches, they're subjects for psycho-analysis;

And though they are not like stray dogs, whose problems are those of nutrition,

A pampered hound may be haunted by some complex or grave inhibition,

And when they don't bark or tail-wag, but are tortured by vague depression,

It isn't for lack of a T-bone, but because of a deep repression.

Oh, mongrels roam and chase rabbits and lie in the sun a-dreaming,

But a film star's high-bred darling may wake from his slumbers screaming;

Yet I happen to know a wire-haired, who, displaying her week-old litter,

Says that all those Hollywood dogs really need is to settle down and have five puppies like her and they wouldn't have the trace of a jitter.

AN elderly woman, returned from the Continent to England recently, later complained to the Customs Department that her baggage had been passed without proper examination.

A woman who would complain of a Customs examination being cursory

Probably stuck pins in her dolls in the nursery. Undoubtedly she never uses perfume, smokes, or has any fun,

Except when getting some inoffensive official in the gun.

In fact some people might say she was an honest citizen, but at a stab, I would say she was an old crab.

ARCHITECTS complain from time to time that local councils are behind the times in their outlook and refuse to pass plans for unusual houses.

Pictures were published recently in Sydney of an architect's design for a house which a suburban council had banned. It was certainly a most unusual-looking geometric design.

But, provided houses are not sub-standard, some variation from the ever increasing monotony of suburban architecture is surely welcome.

Monotony in design tends to be more marked to-day than ever, because costs of building are so high, and a square box under one roof is cheapest.

It doesn't seem to me to matter so much whether the house is beautiful to look at, provided the owners like it. There is no reconciling tastes in architecture or anything else, and fashions in houses change as do fashions in dress.

But a little novelty injected into the pattern of suburban streets provides a welcome and stimulating change.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN'S WEEKLY—April 15, 1950



Something Personal

Just a few simple words which can lead to a lifetime of happiness for two people.

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Tact says "no" to perspiration worry and odour! Soft as a caress... exciting... new—Tact is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy, always smooth, Tact is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Tact stops underarm odour instantly, checks perspiration effectively. And Tact lasts and lasts, from bath to bath!

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COLGATE'S



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1/6 IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—
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Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit... and establish your natural powers of regularity. 83% of the cases tested did it. So can you. Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day, drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

A.M.

**The Australian
Monthly**

APRIL ISSUE NOW ON SALE

1/-

TEENA

By
HILDA
TERRY



CLARE lit the oil-stove in the kitchen and put the kettle on for tea. No doubt if she waited long enough the mystery would be explained. And there wasn't a better place in the world for waiting.

A plaintive "Miaow!" made known the arrival in the kitchen of a small black-and-white cat with enormous yellow eyes. It weaved in and out and around Clare's brown legs. Then, with tail held erect like a banner, it walked towards the hall.

"Well, what's on your mind?" Clare said, reasonably. She followed it and it ran nimbly upstairs and into Aunt Cec's bedroom. She was just in time to see it disappear in the wardrobe. One peep and the mystery was explained. The twins were simply heavenly, Clare thought. White balls of fluff with ginger spots.

She sat back on her heels and laughed till she cried. Then she remembered Anna's party. If the truth ever leaked out! Slightly sobered, she trotted downstairs again followed closely by Selina. She poured out a saucer of milk which was gratefully received. Then she made the tea and put the fish on to cook. Selina purred like a dynamo, well satisfied with services rendered.

Clare carried her tray out of doors to the garden seat. The sun was

Selina Arranges Things

Continued from page 5

still hot. She kicked off her shoes and pulled her slacks up above her knees, and gave herself up to the pleasures of tea and cake and peace.

She was almost asleep when a dashing grey coupe trundled down the rough track that Aunt Cec called her "drive." Alistair waved jauntily, but Clare could do nothing but stare. She felt sure she must be dreaming. For instead of the immaculate young man who hunched and dined her expensively at smart restaurants she saw a rugged type in a sweater and grey slacks.

He jumped out of the car and vaulted neatly over the five-bar gate. "How's the family?" he demanded cheerfully. "Mother and young all doing well?"

"Very," Clare said, demurely, but her green eyes began to dance with mischief.

He flung himself on the grass at her feet. "Got a cup of tea to spare?"

"Mind using my cup? This is my side."

He drank greedily and Clare watched him, conscious of a delicious

tremor of delight at his nearness. This was fun! This was something that Anna hadn't arranged. She and Alistair having a picnic in a wood!

He plonked his cup down and cut some cake. "I needed that tea. I did the run down in just over the hour. Not bad when I didn't know the way."

"What made you come?" Clare asked.

He looked at her quizzically. "Curiosity, my pet. I just couldn't see you in the role of ministering angel. Now I'm not so sure." He grinned disarmingly. "Why don't you always dress like that?"

"In Anna's house?"

They both laughed at the very idea. Alistair said, "I've tripped up somewhere. Thought you were the full-time little glamor girl."

Clare sniffed. "And I had the impression you practically lived in tails and a white tie!"

Again he laughed. "Seems we've both been willfully deceived. Glad I made this trip. I might never have got to know you otherwise." He stopped and sniffed.

Please turn to page 27.



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of my
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FRESHER TASTING
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NEW
BRIGHTLY
COLOURED
CONTAINERS
(one for each member
of the family)

IN
NEW
BRIGHTLY
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CONTAINERS
(one for each member
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The Tonic of the Century

Bidomak

“FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT DEPRESSED FEELING”

WORTH Reporting

DIRECTOR Peter Witchurch, who made the Shell Company’s charming color film “Alice Through the Centre,” was a British merchant marine officer before he went into films.

Alice of the film, like Alice of Lewis Carroll’s famous story, is a little English girl who dreams that she ventures down a hole in the ground. This Alice comes out upside down and in the centre of Australia. She is befriended by a boundary rider, who answers her questions and shows her his country.

Witchurch and a cameraman shot the film in four months, travelling 10,000 miles through all States and the Northern Territory. No professional actors were used. The men and women taking part were mostly persuaded to let the camera take them doing their everyday jobs.

“The most colorful character we encountered,” Witchurch said, “was a 70-year-old boundary rider in the Port Augusta district. He had been into a town only once—when he had to answer his call-up for the 1914-18 war. He lives alone, and never goes to the station homestead except to vote.”

“The property covers 450 square miles, and old Tom gets about it either on a push bike or in a model T Ford. He appears briefly in the film driving some cattle. Tom claims to have ridden 20,000 miles over the property on his push bike.”

The most interesting township visited, Witchurch said, was Eucla, the old cable station on the Nullarbor Plain, where there are 12 empty houses and a population of one man. He acts as petrol pump attendant, hotelkeeper, magistrate, mayor, cook, and housemaid to overnight visitors.

The “Tea and Sugar” train, travelling between Port Augusta and Kalbarrie, and stopping at settlements every 20 miles or so, provided one of the most unusual memories of the outback,” Witchurch said.

“Attached to the train are two special carriages. One is rented by a butcher and the other by a green-grocer. Their customers are the women of the settlements where the “Tea and Sugar” stops.”

“Alice” will be sent abroad and shown non-commercially in all countries. The voice of Alice is supplied by 18-year-old Pat Burroughs, of Sydney, and that of her boundary rider friend by radio actor Harry Howlett.

A MAN, not a woman, is responsible for the biggest spending spree embarked on by an Australian shopping overseas in post-war years. He is Mr. E. Bate, recently retired Chief Engineer, now consulting engineer for the State Electricity Commission of Victoria.

As head of the buying commission which visited Europe last year, Mr. Bate placed nearly nine million pounds worth of orders. Mr. Bate was buying for the two new briquette factories in Morwell, Victoria, which it is hoped will make the State independent of N.S.W. coal.

The first of these factories is scheduled to start in 1953, and the second a year later.



“Marjorie! Listen to me, Marjorie! It was the wrong flat.”

Money for farmers in popcorn

THE weather oddities of recent months will benefit popcorn addicts, according to Mr. W. D. Kerle, special agronomist of the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture.

He points out that because the weather has been unfavorable to the sowing of ordinary field maize, farmers on the northern tablelands have sown more popcorn than ever before.

Though the growing of popcorn has come of late years to be regarded as quite a good proposition, there still isn’t enough grown in Australia to meet the demand, he says.

Until popcorn assumed the dignity of an industry, manufacturers used to dry-pop it in the old-fashioned way. Now special machines have been imported that pop the corn in oil.

Australian addicts can look forward to bigger and better popcorn, Mr. Kerle said, because a special breeding programme with the object of developing hybrid strains is now under way at Lenton Experimental Farm.

IT’S reported in Hollywood that Al

Johnson has insured himself for a vast sum of money with Lloyds. On his death they contract to bury Larry Parks.

Television stars are in country centres

A MOBILE television unit, sent on an 18-month tour by a Victorian radio firm, is giving country dwellers in Victoria and N.S.W. the chance to be television stars.

The unit, described by the managing-director of the company, Mr. A. G. Warner, as “unique in the world,” has been built in an elaborately equipped 31-passenger-type bus at a cost of £40,000.

Up to eight forty-five minute shows are being televised a day in some centres, the programmes being supplied by talented amateurs, local personalities, agricultural shows, athletic meetings, and football matches.

A collapsible stage, complete with settings, is carried on the roof of the bus for indoor programmes held in institutes and halls. Then television receiving sets are grouped round the walls so that patrons have the double adventure of seeing live artist performances and television at the same time.

For outdoor events the television

camera is mounted on the roof of the bus. Powerful 20-inch lenses bring objects up to three miles away within apparent touching distance on receiving-set screens.

Mr. O. G. Oliver, in charge of the team of six staffing the unit, says the maintenance cost is about £500 a week when the unit is on the road.



“Of course that seal’s taken. Are you blind?”

Girls are trained in naval tradition

WITH a membership of 4000 in U.K., and four active units in Canada, the first Australian unit of the Girls’ Nautical Training Corps has been established at Snapper Island, N.S.W.

Its secretary and senior officer, Mary Bannion, says that the Corps is open to girls over 14. Cadets have a two-hour parade every Wednesday night, and one duty Saturday and Sunday per month.

Week-end duties are usually devoted to seamanship. The Depot has its own 27-foot service whalers, motor-boats, and 12-foot and 10-foot dinghies. In the naval tradition salutes are given at the hoisting and lowering of colors, and to officers by cadets.

Girls may choose to be trained as sick berth attendants, writers (naval clerks), supply ratings, and general depot routine duty ratings. All receive instruction in signalling (flag, light, and semaphore), seamanship, knots, compass reading, depth sounding, and boat-work under sail and oars.

Cadets wear for winter a navy-blue double-breasted coat and blue skirt, and for summer a khaki skirt and blouse. They wear a white-topped sailor cap with ribbon, “S.T.D. Snapper Is.”

The Depot has full naval recognition, and it is hoped that if a Royal visit should take place in 1952 an inspection may be arranged.

PRESUMABLY in order to make housework more attractive to spinsters and thwarted glamor girls, an American firm has put out a line of white cotton workgloves, decorated with scarlet fingernails and with a diamond ring painted on the third finger of the left hand.

Game helped change status of women

MR. H. J. VENEMA, Secretary of the International Propaganda Committee of the Federation International de Korfball, claims that the introduction in 1902 of this game, in which men and women are equally represented in teams, was the first game to draw Dutch girls to the sports grounds, and was partly responsible for the emancipation of women in the Netherlands, but the game is vastly different from our basketball. Goals are scored by throwing a ball through a bottomless basket fixed to the top of an 11ft-high post. Only members of the same sex are allowed to “mark” each other.

In Holland, where most schools are co-educational, more than 25,000 boys and girls and men and women play korfball. After two goals have been scored the players of the three divisions—attack, centre, and defence—interchange. During a match it is usual for every player to have played in each position.

The game is not one that encourages specialisation, each position calling for a different psychology. Running with the ball is not permitted, so that before the ball is passed its next possessor must have made a lightning decision to take up what will be a strategic position. Points in favor of the wider adoption of the game, according to Mr. Venema, are its character-building qualities, its teaching of self control, and its training in the making of quick decisions. A number of teams have been formed in England.

MOST people possess at least one notoriously ill-dressed friend or relation. It’s only a matter of going about it the right way, and they can be turned from a liability into an asset. Complimented on her appearance, a very smart girl was heard to confide to her fellow bus-traveller, “Well it’s easy, really. All I do is wear what Peggy doesn’t.”

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a man



He'll find you

irresistible with
Cashmere Bouquet
Colourfast Lipstick

ITS your lips that say
you're lovely... lips like living
silk... lips with a dewy, luscious
look to turn a man's head—and
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has such creamy texture, and
such glorious, glowing, indelible
shades? And only the improved
Cashmere Bouquet smooths on
like a kiss. Yes, ask a man and
see approval mirrored in his eyes!

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Range to match each colour



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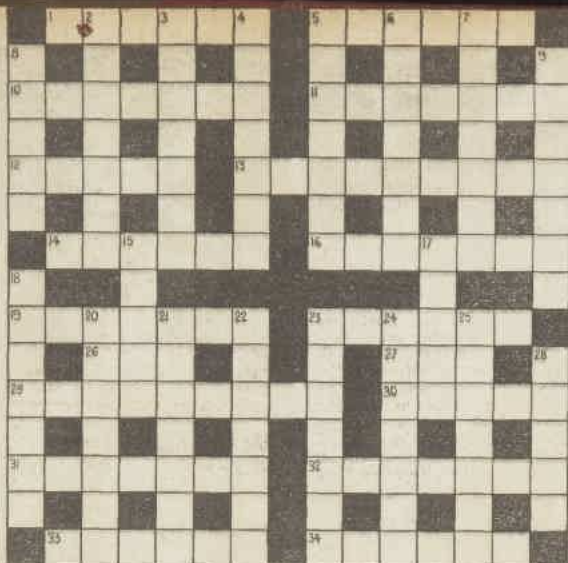
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Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Town in Switzerland where, in 1925, a famous treaty was made (7).
3. I am old (Anagram, 7).
4. Political church before 1793 (7).
5. North American rattlesnake (7).
6. Young hare is always in let (7).
7. He built himself with a duck in a place where two streets meet (7).
8. Land bird with a Glagol sign in the middle (6).
9. This famous layer can walk on its head and show his foot (7).
10. Concerning the end which contains it is food (5).
11. Planet the beginning of which can bear (5).
12. Vermont in stretched tight (7).
13. Verse in more mixed person attending funeral (7).
14. Head over in descendant to get some good sense (7).
15. Kent in motion by sea to title and color (7).
16. Advantage of beet mixed in sun (7).
17. Calm ducky you get old (7).
18. Laid yes (Anagram, 7).
19. Frolic in purse (5).

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Lead not heavy body retreat (5).
2. One hundred Babas with small corns make entire cloth (8).
3. Head evacuating made by a Scotch descendant of a famous apple-eater.
4. Turn concerning short version of the Bible (7).
5. Vehicle and French mark of omission (5).
6. He in a mixed conversation before a mixed hint form a maze (8).
7. Capital city (5).
8. Ten and ten before within a Chal-dean city is a speaker (7).
9. This pooder stupor man's size it in good order (7).
10. Carriage of back sun god in drink (6).
11. Corral of which the wild one is soon (5).
12. Dirty bowl at the edge of the eyelid.
13. United Rio (Anagram, 8).
14. Aspirated case in the bookie is a ruminant (5).
15. Rearrange to sinner (legislative) (7).
16. Rag in die is easily snapped (7).
17. Loop off a play in words absorbed by a communist (6).
18. The doctrine is the belief in revealed religion (6).

Solution to last week's crossword.



CLARE

leapt to her feet. "That's Selina's supper. I must fly!"

She was mashing the fish up on a plate when Alistair walked in. His arms were full of parcels and one hand grasped a bunch of roses, the other a basket of grapes and nectarines. He pushed the flowers and fruit at Clare: "For the mother," he said. Then he fiddled with the parcels and produced two rattles: "For the twins!"

Clare buried her face in the roses and gasped. "They're very small—the twins."

"Never mind," he said cheerfully, "they can have the other things when they grow up a bit. Two teddy-bears, two sets of bricks, and a couple of Spitties." He paused. "Are they boys or girls? Anna didn't know." He laughed reminiscently. "Or care?"

Clare walked towards the stairs, her shoulders shaking. In a muffled voice she mumbled, "I don't know either. You'd better come up and meet the happy family."

Selina blinked at them both as Clare swung back the wardrobe door. Alistair took one look at the happy family and then doubled up. He laughed, and she laughed.

"Rattles!" he spluttered. "I bought two as well," giggled Clare.

Selina Arranges Things

Continued from page 25

"Bricks and mod. planes!"
"And a woolly bed-jacket for Selina!"

At last, exhausted, they trundled down the stairs hand in hand. Alistair looked down at her, an amused but tender look.

"So you ditched Anna's party and tore off the rescue of a small black-and-white cat. Crazy, that's what you are, my pet! Are you sorry you came?"

"No," said Clare. "I'm glad. Selina's sweet and the twins are heavenly." Her eyes said a number of personal and pleasing things. "And I'm having a lovely time!"

"So am I. But I can't help thinking it's time I took you back to town. You can't really mean to stay here all on your own?"

Clare looked suddenly stubborn. "I promised Aunt Cee I'd stay. I don't mind a bit—the loneliness, I mean. I like it."

He chewed thoughtfully at an old pipe he'd lit up. "Can't leave you all alone in the middle of a wood, and you'd be hopelessly compromised if I stayed. Know what? I'll sleep in the car."

Clare pushed a strand of hair away from her lovely, glowing face.

"Oh, no, you won't! I'd rather risk being compromised than have you risk double pneumonia. You'll jolly well sleep in the house!"

"Do you mean that?" Alistair sounded doubtful, but he looked very, very pleased.

The phone rang. Aunt Cee sounded full of good cheer.

"I'm on my way home after all. Thought you might feel lonely. Expect me about midnight. How's Selina and the twins?"



"The doctor finally found my allergy to-day, dear. Guess what?"

"Flourishing," Clare said, "and I'm not alone. Alistair's here and he wants to stay the night."

"Why not?" bellowed Aunt Cee. "The more the merrier!"

They had great fun making up beds and getting the supper under way. Afterwards they went for a walk. A slim new moon flirted with them through the branches of the trees.

When they reached the little spinney Clare said, "That's Aunt Cee's bird-hide. Last time I was here I saw a couple of siskins making a nest. And no end of green woodpeckers. This is a wonderful place for birds!"

Alistair sounded as though he couldn't believe his ears. "You mean to say you watch birds?"

"Yes," said Clare, slightly on the defensive. "By the hour, if I get the chance. And Aunt Cee is an ornithologist."

"Didn't you know that I'm crazy about birds, too? I've got a set of photographs of barn owls that would knock your eye out!"

"Then why didn't you show them to me?" Clare demanded indignantly.

Alistair smiled. "Talk 'our feathered friends' in Anna's set-up?"

Clare said loyally. "Anna's been marvellous to me. Absolutely marvellous!"

"Has she? I think she's tried to make you over and failed. Thank goodness!"

He put his arm round her waist and led her into the bird-hide. He pulled her down beside him on the seat. "I've been on the verge of falling in love with you for weeks," he said, "but I thought it wouldn't work—you and me. I thought you wanted all the silly things I loathe. And all the time it was Anna stage-managing us and casting us out of character. Silly, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Clare whispered. He pulled her close. "I love you, Clare. Dear, darling, sweet and lovely one—will you marry me, please?"

The night wind whispered in the trees and the first star came out.

Clare melted into his arms. "Oh, Alistair! Couldn't we get married to-morrow?"

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Did you
PROTEX
yourself this
morning?



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CLEAN BUSHLAND TANG



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MY CHOICE AS A
DEODORANT TOILET
SOAP



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YOU FEEL GOOD

Stay as fresh as a breeze
with Protex, the deodorant
Toilet Soap with the clean
bushland fragrance. Protex is
medicated to guard against
offending, and infection.





LIVING UNDER CANVAS, newcomers to Wedderburn, Oakleigh (Vic.) traveller Max Flynn (left) and Warrandyte builders Austin Beatt, Austin Wright, George Cusworth, and Jack Baulie. They hire tent for 25/- per week, and stretchers at 7/6 per week each. After digging six shafts in two days without success, they pegged claim on another site.



POSTS driven into ground by staff reporter Mary Coles at her claim, like many others, do not conform to standard requirements. Regulations say boundary posts should be at least three inches by three inches, and not less than three feet above ground.



MATHEMATICS at Wedderburn School made interesting by infant class mistress, Margaret Douglas. Pupils draw maps of claims on brown paper and stick on little pieces of yellow paper to represent nuggets. Children have to count nuggets on each map during arithmetic lessons.



AN ONLOOKER Mr. A. Smith, who has been by bending and digging, works claim on side home of

REPORTER TURNS PROSPECTOR

Wedderburn residents are blasé about finds but join in "just in case"

By MARY COLES, staff reporter

As holder of Miner's Right No. 30227, I am now a member of the brotherhood of men with far-away looks in their eyes who "read" country like a psychologist and tenderly fondle lumps of earth, looking for "color" in prize dirt.

How a girl becomes a gold-digger is an insidious business. Gold fever got me when there were big finds at Wedderburn in north-west Victoria a few weeks ago.

I SET off from Melbourne fired with enthusiasm by the fact that the country between Wedderburn and Maryborough was one of the richest nugget producing areas in the world and by the purchase of a Victorian Mines Department book, "The Prospector's Guide," unofficially known as "How To Get Gold Without Bending."

The end-of-the-rainbow locality, 150 miles from Melbourne, had been good to James Deason and Richard Oates in 1869. An inch below the surface, in a cart rut at Moliagul, they casually picked up Australia's biggest nugget, the "Welcome Stranger," weighing 2205 ounces, today worth £36,000.

It was a fascinating thought to hug as the train ambled on past Bendigo, with the skyline broken every little while by pyramids of

earth, sites of one-time mine shafts, in paddocks miles from where.

My train compartment companion, also Wedderburn-born, Francis Curran, of Melbourne, has been mining all his life. He, the part, weighed down with a tent, pick, shovel, and frying-pan.

He explained how gold gets into man's blood. "Once you've found gold, it's you," he warned us. He said it was something mysterious about which made it difficult to part—even for sale.

"Father" Goudge, who was gold-getter, local resident and between Wedderburn and Maryborough the town itself, five miles from his sterling all-purpose 1823 C. ter, fans the flames of gold fever in your breast when he tells you to Wedderburn with the chance that there is far more round these parts than has been out.

The town itself is more than



FAMILY CONCERN . . . Tea break for brothers-in-law Reg Wishart and Alf Smith after they win a lot of gold from shaft sunk in street outside Alf's home. From left: Trevor Smith, Barral and Lloyd Wishart, Mr. and Mrs. Reg Wishart, Mr. Alf Smith, Neville Smith, and cousin, Noel Smith.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 15, 1950



Albert Smith, finder of the big blood pressure, aggravated digger. His young friend, Bill, is in Wilson Street, outside the Butterick family.



CLAIM is registered by staff reporter Mary Coles with First Constable A. V. Morgan, after obtaining miner's right for 2/6. Prospectors who do not register claims run risk of having them tamped. Claim must be worked within 14 days of pegging.

INDICATOR IN GOLD RUSH

with the arrival of reporters and being televised for the B.B.C. than it is by the renewed gold-mining activity. Looking for gold is second nature to all Wedderburnites. For about 100 years, finding gold has been as common up there as families in the town bearing the name "Smith."

Mrs. E. T. Smith, whose garden with its amazing collection of novelties and a wishing-well at the rear of her husband's cycle repair shop is the pride of the town, said she had lost count of the number of fellow residents with the same name as herself in the town's population of 1100 people.

The £11,000 worth of gold dug up by retired farmer Dave Butterick and his sons-in-law George Webster, Jack Cole, Bill Matthews, and Rex Chapman, during the past 18 months in a small block of land adjoining the Butterick home, does not surprise anyone in the slightest.

All it means is that interest is stimulated again, and locals who know that the gold indicator line runs through their properties peg claims to safeguard their gardens from being dug up by outsiders, and start digging again themselves between roadways and footpaths near their homes, "just in case."

Selecting a spot to peg a claim was the most tantalising experience. There was so much country to choose from. You could have an area of council land entitling you to dig in the street for a goodwill deposit of £5 as guarantee that you would repair damage to the roadway.

The council confessed the recent rush had caught it a bit unprepared. If a discouraged digger did a moonlight flit without filling in a deep shaft, £5 might not go far towards the expense of filling it in to-day.

As possessor of a miner's right you might also peg your claim on private land and come to an arrangement with the owner that you would be responsible for damage.

I settled for private land with the licensee of the Royal Hotel, Arthur Langley. He took one look at my lack of muscles and gave me a free go on the block of land he owns.

Canary Queenslander Jim Kirk, who knows the mining game backwards, had previously whispered in my ear that this spot was "absolutely

right," provided I kept in line with the mulberry tree.

Frankly, my reason for wanting to peg my claim there was because the ground near the mulberry tree looked soft and accessible to the kit I'd been able to assemble, and it was comparatively well-sheltered from public view. Privacy was all-important.

Men don't like girls gold-digging in the bush any more than they do in a drawing-room.

The only difference is that in the country they become gallant and insist on helping out little women who peg claims, only surrendering their picks when Press photographers come around to snap women in action.

Small hatchet

TO female miners this is as infuriating as having Dai Rees play your round of golf and only letting you make the final putt.

The only stock-in-trade I had taken with me from town was a small hatchet, which I imagined would bring almost black-market price in a place where I supposed equipment was at a premium.

Instead I found, as English migrant Thomas Gardner did also, that local residents pressed picks, shovels, panning dishes, and advice on me most cordially.

Thomas, who had arrived in Australia only a month before, marvelled at one old gentleman who had told him where to dig so that he could find a fortune and bring his mother and young brother out from England. He not only lent a pick, but provided an extremely hard-to-come-by sheet of galvanised iron to cover up the shaft at night, according to regulations.

Before beginning operations I thumbled through the how-to-get-gold-without-bending guide. On page six was an important recommendation to get a few days' work with an experienced prospector.

Naturally Dave Butterick was the man for me. Handing me over to his son-in-law, George Webster, Mr. Butterick generously told me I could keep whatever I won down in the shafts which infest the little paddock beside his house like extra-ordinary rabbit warrens 12 to 15 feet below the surface.

The fact that his sons-in-law were



MOST FAMOUS FAMILY in Wedderburn. From left: Daryl Matthews, Helen Chapman, their grandfather, Mr. Dave Butterick, who with four sons-in-law has mined over £11,000 worth of gold; Bill Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Chapman, Mrs. Dave Butterick, Mr. George Webster, and Mrs. Bill Matthews with son, Lloyd (right). Absent son-in-law is Jack Cole, of Castlemaine, husband of former Jessie Butterick.

taking £8 to £15 worth of gold out of the ground every day, not counting nuggets, which they call bonuses, made the offer a thrilling adventure.

But the depth at which George Webster pointed out the location of their £1300 nugget dismayed me.

Crawling along an underground tunnel connecting two shafts, I saw a candle placed there to indicate the presence of foul air, and this and the possibility of earth caving in after heavy rain filled me with claustrophobia.

Whatever these boys get out of their claim they earn I decided, making a hurried ascent.

Opposite, at Wedderburn school, the urge to dig again is overwhelming. Although it has never been tested, there is a legend dating from when the school foundations were laid that the grounds are "paved with gold."

The school staff work off some of their gold-digging inhibitions by parodying the present hit tune into the school's unofficial song: "Baby, It's Gold Outside."

One night the indomitable brothers Len and Tom Norman, of Camberwell, Vic., decided a song should be composed to commemorate the new gold strike. The brothers, who always carry gold-mining kit in their car on country trips, had called a halt to their piano-selling and tuning activities in Gippsland to rush up and peg a claim at Wedderburn.

Tom, who has published a number of songs in the past 20 years, and a small band of enthusiasts hurriedly hired the local Institute at 10 p.m. and went to work on the piano while the mood was on.

The party, which did its best to rival good times in the Klondyke, inspired Tom to compose lyric and music of a catchy waltz number, "There's Gold at the End of the Rainbow."

I regret to report I still haven't caught up with Wedderburn's pot of gold. This is because I can no longer operate my shaft as an individualist, owing to feminine lack of brute strength.

But from now on not even a Test cricketer pick will be safe from my hoe if I find the indicator line running through the wickets. It's a rather frightening thought.



GOLD-DIGGING BOOM adds to domestic responsibilities of Mrs. Laurence Cusden, who has to keep small son, John, and daughter, Elaine, out of shafts sunk in their garden by her husband and old-time miner Jack McAllan (at rear).

Rangy Bill Drysdale, of Wedderburn, who said, "Gripes, how gold gets you—after mining all day you even dream about it all night," told the story of how 40 years ago gold ended a life-long friendship between his grandfather, Joe Smythe, and his bosom cobbler, Peter the Greck.

Bill's grandfather and Peter worked shafts together for years. Always on their return home Bill's grandmother would ask, "Well, Peter, did you get any nuggets to-day?"

Always he would shake his head. "Not to-day, Mrs. Smythe," and the family would settle down to domino and chess playing.

One night after Peter and Joe had been mining all day, Peter, his eyes glistening with excitement, confounded everyone and dumbfounded his mate by slamming down a lovely nugget on the table in reply to Mrs. Smythe's usual query.

Grandfather Smythe was so staggered by his friend's ability to keep such a find a secret all day that he refused to speak to him again.

"Peter still played domino and

chess with my grandmother and aunts every night, but grandfather just ignored him," Bill said. "Peter was broken-hearted, and died shortly afterwards."

There are, of course, people quite immune to gold fever—staff photographer Ernie Mann, for instance.

Recently engaged, he completely lost interest in claim-pegging when a State Treasury official in Melbourne told him that paying 2/6 for a miner's right did not entitle him to build on land he claimed to speed up his domestic plans. He said he did enough digging for diggers' sake in the Army.

But there are others, like the Menadue brothers, Bill and Ted, of Box Hill, Vic. They get such a kick out of working close to the earth that they only give up prospecting to do seasonal potato-digging.

The how-to-get-gold-without-bending guide contains a glossary of mining language. Ted Menadue completed the vocabulary for me when he was down the shaft and the bucket slipped off the windlass hook and fell, slicing a piece off his left elbow!



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Simon's Wife

Continued from page 7

THE little boy did not answer Cordelia's question, but stood scuffing the dust up with his shoes into a little cloud about him, as if he could pass through it unseen by her.

"What is it, Stubbs?" she asked again, standing in front of him so that he could not go by. "Has anything happened to Nap?"

He shook his head. His lips pressed tightly together, drooping at the corners, he turned away his head, trying to hurry by before she could question him further.

"Have you been stealing carrots again?" she asked, putting an arm around him to hold him.

He tried to pull himself away, and the physical effort seemed to loosen his mental resistance. She felt him go limp under her hand.

"I missed the bus," he whimpered, screwing up his face, shutting his eyes tightly in a vain attempt to keep his tears from overflowing.

"Oh, no, you haven't," she said. "I'm catching the bus, too; there's plenty of time."

"I don't want to catch your bus," he wailed.

"What bus do you want?" she asked, and repeated her question as he did not answer, giving him a little shake as if she could force a reply out of him.

"The circus bus," he said brokenly. "I missed the circus bus," and wept without further restraint.

"Where is the circus? Isn't there any school this afternoon?" asked Cordelia.

He shook his head.

"Teacher said if we came to school Saturday, we could get to the circus to-day," he gulped out between sobs, "and Dad gave me the money for the ticket, but Ma, she made me go an errand to Cobden's for eggs, and I buried all I could, but the bus had went, and all the other kids has gone."

"Isn't there another bus that can take you there?" asked Cordelia.

"Nope," he sobbed. "It was a special."

I must get that basket, thought Cordelia, and how could I get him to the circus, anyway? But, of course, the village taxi!

"Stop crying, Stubbs," she said.

"We'll go and get the taxi and..."

"We can't," wailed Stubbs. "It's 'ired... I seen it go by."

"Where is the circus?" she asked again.

"At Honeysett's field, beyond Chidholm," sobbed Stubbs.

"How far is that?" she asked.

"Five miles, and the circus starts at three... there's a eflum and 'undreds of 'orses," said Stubbs, his stout little body heaving under the convulsions of his grief at missing so much and so many.

A wild idea of mounting herself on Nap with Stubbs behind her vanished almost as soon as it came to her mind. Even if they succeeded in riding without a saddle or reins the circus would undoubtedly be more than half over before Nap had travelled the distance.

But there was a bicycle in the stables. True, she had not ridden one for many years, but Stubbs could sit on the carrier, and it might be worth trying.

It was a more than ordinary disappointment for a child to be shut out from the earthly paradise of a circus, especially when he was the only one to be left.

"Wait here," she said sternly.

"Don't you dare move. I'll be back."

Cordelia hurried back along the road, over the stile, across the fields and through the wood, grateful for the brief respite of its shade, and, hastening through the kitchen garden, she came to the stables.

The bicycle was still there, facing the manger. Indeed, it looked as if it had not moved in a decade. Its rims were rusted, its saddle muddied, its tyres flat. Praying that they were not punctured, Cordelia

took the pump from its place and, screwing it into working order, attached it to the front wheel.

Slowly it swelled up under her efforts and held, as did the back one. Replacing the pump, she wheeled the machine out of the yard to the back entrance, and, mounting it after two false starts, she rode off down the drive.

Wobbling slightly as she went, she soon gained confidence. It was like swimming, she thought, this balance on a bicycle once gained was not easily forgotten.

She was through the lodge gates now, and gathering speed down the hill. One brake did not seem to be working, and the other squeaked and wheezed as if it wished that it, too, might give up the strain of holding back such a burden.

There was Stubbs in the road ahead. He had taken her command so literally that he did not seem to have stirred a foot since she had left him.

"Get on the carrier," she said to him as she drew to a stop with one foot against the grass verge. "Hold on to me and don't you dare wriggle or we'll both end in the ditch. Understand?"

"Yep," said Stubbs, seating himself behind her, taking it as quite a normal happening that he should be helped in such a way.

She edged the bicycle out a little, and pushed off. It was not so easy riding with Stubbs' weight over the back wheel, and the machine swerved from side to side in a most alarming manner.

OVER her shoulder Cordelia called, "Can't you keep your legs from swinging?"

"Nope," replied Stubbs cheerfully, all his sorrow gone now that he was on his way to the circus.

"Well, for goodness' sake keep them as still as you can," she ordered him. "Which way do we go?"

"First to the left before the pub, second on the right, up the 'ill, and straight along and down the other side," replied Stubbs.

At the turning to the left she discovered that the bell was jammed and would not work. Narrowly missing the inn-keeper's dog, a stout fox terrier sunning himself in the middle of the road, she swerved wildly round the corner, avoided an approaching cart by inches, and continued a little breathlessly on her way.

The sun was very hot, beating down on them in the high-arched lane. She pedalled as fast as she could, urging the old bicycle along with her will as well as her feet. A fly danced maddeningly before her eyes, and she could not spare a hand from her uncertain steering to brush it away.

It seemed an age before they came to the second turning on the right. The hill rose steeply before them, too steeply for Cordelia to attempt riding up it on the overladen machine, and, wobbling to a halt, she told Stubbs that he must walk up to the top.

The road appeared to continue endlessly along the top of the hill. Perspiration trickled down her face, her clothes were sticking to her body; her handbag, which she had slung on the handlebars at her first mounting, bumped and banged against her right knee as if it took a malicious pleasure in hampering her progress.

But at last they came to the downward slope, the long, narrow road winding down to the marshland. Far below they could see the circus tent, looking like a great toadstool, surrounded by the smaller of the carts and caravans.

Please turn to page 31



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Interesting People



MRS. B. V. STACY

... senior Guide appointment
RECENTLY appointed State Commissioner of Girl Guides (N.S.W.), Mrs. B. V. Stacy became active in movement in 1935. Was secretary of Darling Point Guides' Association, treasurer of Vaucluse-Woolahra District Local Association, delegate to the Council, member of General Council, elected to State Executive, and became chairman of that Committee in 1947. She was a V.A. in World War I, was president of 2/1 Battalion Comforts Fund in World War II. Mrs. Stacy is vice-president of the Ladies' Golf Union.



DR. ROBERT DALLEY-SCARLETT

... authority on Handel
ONLY Australian to be awarded the Halle Handel Medal (it has gone outside Germany only twice since its institution in 1930), Dr. Robert Dalley-Scarlett, of Brisbane, recently received the actual medal he was granted before the war. Music presentation officer and conductor of the Brisbane A.B.C. Wireless Chorus, in 1932 he founded the only Handel Society in Australia. The Mayor of Halle has asked for some of his findings on Handel to add to the city's Handel Museum. Born in Manchester, he has lived most of his life in Australia.



MISS BARBARA McLACHLAN

native education
OFFICER-IN-CHARGE of Education of Women and Girls in Papua-New Guinea is Barbara McLachlan, of Sydney. At Sydney University she specialised in anthropology. She recently returned from the U.N.E.S.C.O. Seminar on Rural Education for Community Action held in India, where new methods of teaching illiterates were discussed. A delegate to the Health and Home-life group, she said it was agreed to change "mothercraft" to "parentcraft," thus including boys and men.

Simon's Wife

Continued from page 30

AS they began the descent, Cordelia called anxiously to Stubbs to hold on. Their weight was carrying the bicycle forward too fast. She put on the back brake hard and they slowed down a little, but a few yards farther on there was a curious click and they shot ahead once more.

The strain had evidently been too much and the one sound brake had broken.

Faster and faster they sped down the hill. She could feel Stubbs' grasp tighten about her as they swerved round a bend... a car was coming up the narrow road grinding into second gear... there was a violent hooting of the horn... a roar of rage from the terrified driver as they shot past, avoiding collision this time by less than an inch.

"Your air's come loose," yelled Stubbs behind her, and a moment later: "Cool! It's gone!" he shrieked as the heavy plait was swept from her head and away by the wind of their going.

If the very clothes were torn from her body she could not stop, thought Cordelia desperately. Gripping the handlebars so tightly that her hands felt part of them, she clung on.

Round another bend they went, and a curious feeling of exultation came to her, as if nothing mattered but the exquisite moment that carried them out of life itself, as if all her troubles were being swept away in the dangerous speed of their descent. Perhaps death was, indeed, the supreme adventure...

But Stubbs was still behind her, and she must do her best to hold on to life and steer him out of danger.

Only one more bend... A latecomer to the circus leapt out of the way as they hurtled by and continued down the final slope and over a bridge at the bottom to level ground.

But so great had been their momentum that they were carried on past the gates leading into the circus field and up the farther rise before they came to a stop.

And so faint and sick did Cordelia feel now in her reaction that she could no longer hold the bicycle upright, and they toppled gently into the shallow ditch on their left.

"Are you all right, Stubbs?" she asked weakly, lying with the bicycle on top of her.

"Yep," said Stubbs breathlessly, crawling out from beneath the back wheel. "Coo, you didn't arf go it!"

She felt too weak to explain that her "going it" had been quite unintentional.

"Run along to the circus," she said without moving. The blaring of the circus band came to her dizzy ears from across the field. "Hurry," she said. "It's started."

"You O.K.?" he asked anxiously, dragging the bicycle with difficulty off her chest and laying it down at the side of the road.

"I am perfectly O.K.," said Cordelia deliberately. "I am just lying here because I am very hot and want a little rest. Hurry along to the circus, you don't want to miss anything."

"No," said Stubbs, but he still hesitated, looking down at her with increasing anxiety. "Your face isn't 'arf green," he said. "You don't think you've broken anything?"

"I know I haven't broken anything, thank you," said Cordelia crossly, and sat up with a supreme effort. "You see, I'm perfectly whole," she assured him.

"You might be broke inside," said Stubbs, putting his hands on his knees and bending down to peer more closely at her.

How tiresome he was, bobbing about in front of her eyes like that fly on the upper road. Why couldn't he go to the circus! He had been anxious enough to get there.

"Look," she said, "if you don't go to that circus at once I shall get up and beat you!"

He grinned at that, evidently reassured as to her well-being by the threat of violence to himself.

"O.K.," he said. "Thanks for the ride... it was smashing..." and he was off, running rapidly over the field to the circus tent.

Cordelia lay down again, stretching out flat, face downwards, and closing her eyes. If she remained quite still for a few minutes no doubt the dizziness would pass. The treatment for shock was rest and warmth. She was certainly warm enough, in fact a great deal too hot. Perhaps she was suffering from sunstroke.

She would lie quietly here for a little while longer, and then...

"Of all the reckless folly," an angry voice boomed into her thoughts.

Cordelia turned her head to one side and opened her eyes. A car had stopped a little way away. The driver, a red-faced man with a bristling white moustache, was bending over her, staring anxiously down at her with round blue eyes.

"Coming down the hill like that," he went on, "with a child on the carrier, you ought to be court-martialled—you ought to be gaoled—and where is the boy—answer me that—what has happened to the boy?"

"He has gone to the circus," said Cordelia with dignity, and closed her eyes again. She found that her brain was still spinning down the hill, and the red face whirled before her sight, making her feel yet more giddy.

"If he'd been killed it would have been entirely your fault, madam," the man went on. "You would only have had yourself to blame, risking your neck and everyone else's coming down the hill at that speed with a child on the carrier. I felt it my duty to turn back and speak to you. If I ever catch you doing such a thing again I'll have the law on you—are you hurt?"

Cordelia did not answer. As the stranger stood there still scolding her, another car drew up with hastily applied brakes, and, all at once, a new figure came on the scene.

"Can I help?" asked Simon's voice. The next moment he was kneeling beside her in the ditch.

"Cordelia," he said brokenly, "Cordelia... my darling..."

"Of course I recognised you," said Simon. They were sitting in his car drawn up under the shade of a tree on the grass verge of a by-lane. The red-faced man had been mollified by the story of the broken brake, though he had gone away still muttering about the criminal folly of riding bicycles with children on carriers.

Cordelia's weakness had been driven out by the fresh shock of discovering that Simon knew her.

He had lifted her from the ditch, and, satisfied that she had suffered no injury from her collapse there, had settled her in his car, and with the bicycle strapped on the back had driven on and down the nearest quiet lane, where they might be undisturbed.

"But if you knew me, why did you pretend that I was a stranger?" asked Cordelia.

"I was too stunned by seeing you there to react in any way at first," replied Simon.

"You looked quite unmoved," said Cordelia, "as if I were really the housekeeper and an unpleasant one at that."

"I am a poker player," said Simon. "I can hold four aces as if I were about to throw in my hand... and I wasn't really sure that you were four aces. I wasn't sure about anything; and, after all, you didn't seem to recognise me."

Please turn to page 32

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Simon's Wife

Continued from page 31

If only I had known, Cordelia thought. Aloud, she said, "I had my reasons for that. You thought I had drowned myself..."

"Oh, no, I didn't," interrupted Simon.

"You knew I was alive!" cried Cordelia.

"Do you really think or suppose," he said, "that knowing and loving you as I did I could let a mere hat in the river convince me that you had done something that I knew you couldn't do?"

He went on slowly, "As soon as I was back from the prison camp and found out that you were supposed to have committed suicide I went to a detective agency. Clever fellow I found there, too. He discovered the whole story, but it took him some time. You had left Australia when I finally learned the truth."

"About my marrying again... so soon," said Cordelia almost inaudibly.

"Yes," he said. "That hurt so much that I hated everyone and everything, including myself. I cleared right out to Africa and never meant to come back."

"But you did," said Cordelia.

"I did," he replied. "I had a letter from Evelyn saying that as there seemed no prospect of my returning she intended to sell the Court. I got that letter on a sixth day of dust and wind and cloudless skies, and I suddenly had such a longing for England that I packed up and bribed my way on to a plane and flew home."

"Would you have come if you'd known that you'd find me here?" asked Cordelia.

"No," he said. "I never wanted to see you again... then."

"Oh, Simon!" she said desperately. "If only I could make you understand that I never stopped longing to see you."

"I think I do understand you a little better now," he said. "You remember that day in the taxi when you spoke of some events in life being earthquakes that divided one day from the next as if a century had passed? That made me see a little more clearly how you could have forgotten me so quickly."

"But I didn't forget you! I never forgot you," she cried, and with the words falling over themselves in her haste to convince him of all she had felt she poured out the truth.

"And now I'm going away," she ended, "so that you can be free."

"Free!" he repeated.

"To marry Dolores," she said.

"Why the devil should you think I want to marry her?" he asked.

"She's lovely and amiable, and I heard that you loved her," said Cordelia.

"Joe Cobden's handsome and fairly amiable, and I heard that you loved him," he retorted.

"The lies people tell!" she cried.

"Exactly," said Simon. "So let's have no more nonsense about my wanting to marry Dolores. I never wanted to—she's far too sophisticated for all her baby ways, and I'm too much of a tramp for her."

"Is there no one else?" asked Cordelia.

"No," he said. "I seem to be one of those poor fools who can love only once in a lifetime."

Cordelia scarcely dared to believe the truth behind his statement. "You mean..." she said.

"I mean," he said, "that I took you for better for worse, for richer, for poorer, and though it's all been as bad and poor as can be until now, you're mine, and only death can part me from you. I knew that, even when I hated you."

"But if you knew that why didn't you come and find me?" she cried.

"Because I was a fool," he replied.

"I took things at their face value. My pride said that if you'd forgotten me in such a devil of a hurry you could go hang. I never told a soul that you were alive. I swore the

detective to secrecy. I wanted people to go on thinking you'd drowned yourself because of me, young idiot that I was."

"I went away and tried to forget you in not very pleasant ways; but it was no good, you were always there."

Suddenly he turned and put his arms round her. "Oh, Cordelia," he said, "what fools we've been!" And, drawing her close, he kissed her with all the longing of his frustrated years.

For an hour or more they sat there, weaving the past on to the tapestry of the present, where even the dark threads of prison camp and Australian sheep-farming seemed to take on a more vivid coloring from the light of their immediate happiness.

"And now," said Simon at last, "we must think of the future. What are we going to do?"

"Live happily ever after," said Cordelia, foolishly.

"But where?" said Simon. "You see, after that stupendous row I had with Evelyn on Sunday evening, I realised it was quite impossible for us to live together at the Court as I'd hoped, so I put it back in the agent's hands, and they rang me up yesterday to say it was sold to a rich widow."

"I know," said Cordelia in a small voice. "I'm her."

"Well!" he said incredulously.

"But I told you, Simon," she said.

"I told you that I'd been left that money and came here to buy the Court."

"I know," he said. "It's the widow part that gets me. I can't begin to think of you as a widow."

"Oh, darling, I do hope you'll never have to," she said fervently.

LAUGHING

out loud, Simon kissed Cordelia again. "I'd forgotten," he said, "how ridiculous you could be."

"I don't feel ridiculous," she said.

"I feel worried, because how are we going to begin to tell Evelyn about me? I don't think Aunt Harriet will mind my being her grand-niece, she seems to like me, and I love her; but Evelyn even hates me as her housekeeper."

"Evelyn is an evil-tempered..." began Simon explosively, but Cordelia put her hand over his mouth and blotted out the word he would have spoken.

"No," she said, "she's your sister and she's very unhappy. There's something in her mind making her bitter and bad-tempered that we know nothing about."

"Which is no reason for her to go round making everyone else's life miserable," said Simon. "I won't have you worried by her. She can accept you as my wife or get out."

"I was wondering if we need tell her to-day?" said Cordelia. "Don't you think it would be best if I were to go to town to-morrow as I've arranged and meet you in London, and let the news that I'm alive come to her less suddenly?"

"No," he said, "I'm not going to be separated from you again. In your present condition you might easily walk under a bus. I can't risk that."

"It's not going to be easy to tell her, anyway," said Cordelia.

"Oh, I don't know," said Simon. "We can say that you lost your memory nine years ago from the shock of hearing about my death, and the shock of your accident to-day brought that memory back."

"Do you think Evelyn will believe that?" asked Cordelia doubtfully.

"She'd better," said Simon, and switching on the engine he let in the clutch and backed the car on to the road.

Please turn to page 34



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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are on Roc Island, with **PRINCESS NARDA:** Who is fleeing from the amorous attentions of **THE BARON:** Ruler of the island, who hatched huge rocs from eggs, kept fresh for millions of years.

The rocs had carried the trio to the island, where the Baron tried to enslave Mandrake and Lothar and make Narda his queen. When Mandrake tries to enlist the aid of an aircraft-carrier by radio, the officers think he is mad. To escape the Baron's bullets, the trio climb on a roc's back. NOW READ ON.



THE NOISE FRIGHTENS THE WINGED MONSTER INTO FLIGHT--AND THE STOWAWAYS CLING ON FOR DEAR LIFE!



"THEY'LL BE BACK, UNLESS THE BIRD SHAKES THEM OFF! EITHER WAY, THEY ARE FINISHED!" SHARLS THE BARON.



MANDRAKE REVIVES. "WHERE ARE WE?" HE ASKS, GROGGILY. "FIVE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE OCEAN!" NARDA CRIES, HYSTERICALLY. "OH, MANDRAKE, WHAT CAN WE DO?"



THE ROC GOES INTO A STEEP DIVE. THEY CLING TIGHTLY TO THE HUGE FEATHERS. "AIRCRAFT CARRIER DOWNSTAIRS!" LOTHAR POINTS OUT. "THIS CRAZY BIRD IS GOING TO ATTACK IT!" MANDRAKE CRIES.



THE ROC SWOOPS LOW OVER THE DECK. THE AMAZED MEN SCATTER TO ESCAPE ITS MAMMOTH TALONS. "MAN YOUR GUNS!" ROARS AN OFFICER.



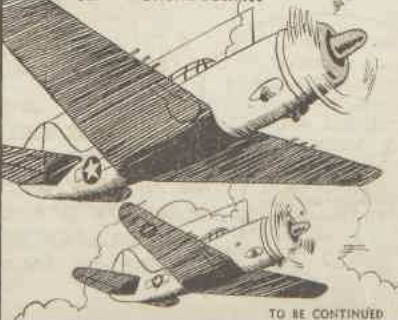
THE CARRIER OPENS WITH ITS ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS--FIGHTING A SKY MONSTER THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN EXTINCT A MILLION YEARS AGO! "AND WE," MUTTERS MANDRAKE, "ARE BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP BLUE SEA!"



TWO MORE ROCs JOIN THE FIGHT. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY ARE-- BUT UP AFTER THEM," ORDERS THE PUZZLED COMMANDER OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER.



AND SWIFT FIGHTERS TAKE OFF FROM THE BROAD DECK...



TO BE CONTINUED

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Simon's Wife Continued from page 32

As they drove up to the Court, Cordelia asked Simon, "Do you think it would be easier if you told her alone?"

"No," he said. "You are Exhibit A. I mean, I must produce the body. Brace up, sweetheart," he went on, as he drew the car up at the front steps. "She can't kill you, and it doesn't really matter what anybody thinks as long as we are together."

As she got out of the car she saw Evelyn peering from behind the curtain of the morning-room window. But in her own cowardice she pretended not to have seen her, and went on and up the steps.

"I think we should see Evelyn alone," she whispered nervously to Simon as they stood together in the hall.

"Very well," he agreed, and raising his voice he called loudly, "Hallo, there . . . Evelyn!"

The door into the morning-room opened so swiftly that it seemed that her hand must have been already on the latch. She came out, shutting the door behind her, leaning against it, as if she would bar the way beyond!

"Well!" she said stonily. "A most astounding thing has happened," said Simon quickly. "I went to London and bought a car, and as I was coming back to pack up here I saw a poster billing a circus in Honeysett field. So I thought I'd take that in on my way. I never could pass by a circus. But when I got to the entrance I saw a crowd."

"A crowd?" he repeated firmly, seeing Cordelia's expression of astonishment at this strange multiplication of the red-faced man, gathered about someone who had had an accident on a bicycle. I got out of the car, and there, lying in the ditch, whom do you think I found?"

Evelyn stared silently, contemptuously at him and past him to Cordelia. Her whole bearing declared that it was obvious whom he had found and what little interest she, herself, took in his discovery.

For the first time since that find-

ing, Cordelia considered what her appearance must be, dishevelled and dusty as to her clothing, sweat-streaked as to her face and tousled as to her hair. Her hands went up instinctively to repair her disorder under that inimical gaze, and a shiver of apprehension went through her as the revelation of her true identity drew near.

"I found my wife," said Simon quietly.

The words were so unexpected that for a moment Evelyn did not take in their significance. Cordelia could see the gradual realisation of their meaning steal into Evelyn's understanding as the color spread over her cheeks.

"Your . . . wife!" she whispered as if her voice could not support the burden of such knowledge.

"Cordelia," said Simon, and putting out his hand drew her close to his side.

"But that is Mrs. Hart . . . Jane Hart," said Evelyn hoarsely.

"She thought I was dead, so she married again, and who can blame her?" said Simon loyally. "Jane is her second name, but it is also the name by which she called herself. You see she didn't drown herself, but she was very ill after she received that telegram, and all she remembered about herself was that she had lost her husband."

"She went to Australia with Hart, where he died. When she eventually returned to England some instinct brought her here. The shock of her accident this afternoon and coming back to consciousness to find me leaning over her has brought back her memory. She knows she's my wife now . . . don't you darling?" he ended gravely, looked down at her.

"Yes, I know I'm your wife now," said Cordelia valiantly, and braced herself to receive the attack of Evelyn's rage.

But no attack came. For a moment after they had finished speaking Evelyn looked at her as blankly as if she had been a complete stranger, then stumbling forward she swayed into the great armchair by the fireplace, leaning back her head against the faded crimson cushioning, her cheeks as pale now as ivory.

Impulsively Cordelia ran forward and, kneeling beside her, took one of her cold hands in hers.

"Don't hate me too much," she pleaded, "don't hate me for coming back to life."

"Not drowned," whispered Evelyn. "Cordelia wasn't drowned . . . all this time . . . it wasn't true . . ."

"No," said Cordelia, "it wasn't true."

"They said it was my fault," went on Evelyn flatly. "Not out loud, but I knew what they were whispering behind my back. If I'd been kinder about the marriage she'd have had someone to turn to. They believed my unkindness drove her to it. I began to believe it myself. Simon believed it when he came home . . . you did, didn't you, Simon? You hated me for it."

"No, no, Evelyn," said Simon, "you've got it all wrong! I never believed it, in fact, I went to a . . ."

"Of course he didn't hate you," Cordelia interrupted him quickly.

"He did," persisted Evelyn. "Even father seemed to turn against me. I turned against myself. It's very lonely to live with yourself, hating and hated, with such a sin on your mind."

"There was no such sin," said Simon.

As Evelyn remained silent, he went on, gently, "You always did make a martyr of yourself, my dear. A real old trouble hoarder, that's what you are, always thinking the worst."

Evelyn was staring at Cordelia with wild, incredulous eyes. At last she said, "You're not lying? This is Cordelia?"

"It is," said Simon. "I knew her at once, but I was afraid to tell her."

"Why afraid?" said Evelyn quickly. "Because of me, because of all I'd said about her?"

"There you go again," said Simon. "You will dramatise yourself so, Evelyn. It was nothing to do with you. I wanted her to get used to me. I was always hoping that she would come to me and tell me that she remembered she was my wife."

The door behind them opened abruptly, and Aunt Harriet stood there looking at them.

Mystery Serial By Popular Australian Author

FIRST instalment will begin next week an intriguing mystery serial, "The Case Of Come-Hither Bend," by Margaret Neville.

This popular Australian author needs no introduction to our readers, who have already enjoyed her various mystery serials and romantic short stories that we have published.

In this new serial, we follow the fortunes of those two familiar stalwarts, Detective-Inspector Grogan and Detective-Sergeant Manning, as they wrestle with yet another mystery—startling murder of an attractive socialite at a small week-end resort.

Watch for the provocative opening instalment in next week's issue.

"What is going on out here?" she said. "Why does no one bring me my sherry? You know I like my sherry at six o'clock."

Evelyn rose from the chair.

"Simon has brought home his wife," she said, and there was almost personal triumph in her voice. "Cordelia did not drown herself. Mrs. Hart is Cordelia. No one can blame me any more."

"Well, well, well!" said Aunt Harriet, "I don't understand a word of it, but if that girl is your wife, Simon, I congratulate you. You've more sense even than I thought you had. And now for goodness' sake come in and tell me the truth of the whole matter."

"If you don't mind, I think I'll go upstairs and lie down for a little," said Evelyn. "It's all been rather . . ." her voice faded away as she turned towards the stairs and began to slowly mount them.

"Come along," said Aunt Harriet impatiently, "come along."

"Yes," said Cordelia, "we'll tell you the truth, won't we, Simon?"

"We will," he said, smiling at her, "but suppose I fetch the sherry first. Aunt Harriet will probably need it."

"Sherry? Fiddlesticks!" declared the old lady. "Fetch out the champagne!"

(Copyright)



JEFFREY said, "Monte Cristi is the invasion coast. It, as, and when. And then the revolution." He turned to grin at Loring. "That's what they say, and it makes good publicity."

"But—
"Strictly for the natives," Jeffrey said.

"Maybe it's serious to them."
That seemed to be amusing, too.
"Sure it's serious to them. But it doesn't concern us."

She was silent for a time, digesting it and examining it and wondering why it annoyed her. And she found herself thinking back to the airport and to the driver's licence and to the soldier in the parking lot.

And because some thoughts produce words that will not be corked up, she said, "It's their country, not ours. Had you thought of that?"

He said nothing.

"I'm sorry," Loring said.

Jeffrey said, "It doesn't make any difference. I've seen it before. Someone gets off the plane for the first time and two hours later knows all the answers." He was still grinning.

"Guess so." She said it slowly.

"Women in particular, you mean."

"You're touchy on that, aren't you?" Jeffrey said. "Women, I mean."

"Maybe." She was silent for a time.

"My parents chose a boy's name for me. Before I was born. They didn't bother to change it when I turned out to be the wrong article. Maybe they figured if they just ignored it, my sex would go away."

"But it didn't." He was grinning at her.

"You catch on quick, don't you?"

"Maybe some day," Jeffrey said, "you'll be glad it turned out the way it did."

"If I do," she said, "it will be because some man behaved like an adult and not like a spoiled child." It was the heat, she thought, and the dust and the bumps and the fatigue.

"I'm not always like this," she said.

He was still amused, still smiling, relaxed, and untroubled.

"Behave like an adult and not like a Junior G-Man, you mean."

"All right," she said. "Maybe that's what I did mean." With prac-

Danger After Dark

Continued from page 9

tice, mister, she thought, I could learn to dislike you.

She concentrated on holding tight to the seat, on ignoring the dust and the ache, and the heat that was like a weight on the back of her neck. She concentrated, too, on forgetting the long, sleepless flight from New York to San Juan, and the wait there, and the flight from San Juan to Trujillo City.

And she argued a little when Jeffrey lifted her out of the jeep in Santiago that night and carried her into the Hotel Mercedes and up two flights of stairs, and poked her in through the mosquito netting. But her arguments lacked conviction and force, and the last thing she remembered was his face, still grinning at her.

Mr. Thomas bossed the company project at Monte Cristi. They sat on the gallery of the guest-house with him that next afternoon, and they listened while he talked of the new port they had built, of the new towns and the schools and the hospitals, of the land reclaimed from the desert, of the amounts of money spent, and of how the project had attained self-sufficiency.

Jeffrey, it appeared, knew more about bananas than the fact that they did not go in the refrigerator. "Sigatoka?" he asked.

"We spray against it constantly, keep it under control."

"Panama disease?"

"None, so far," Mr. Thomas said. He tapped the wood of the chair.

Loring sat quietly, and it occurred to her that it was a pleasurable thing to watch a man at work which he knew and understood. She would admit that much.

And, thinking back to the day before, she thought, I'd like, some time, mister, to see you way over your head, to see what you'd do then. And she wondered why. He was, she guessed, that kind of man.

She said, "Are there any restrictions, Mr. Thomas? On where we go? On what I photograph?"

Jeffrey was grinning. "Miss Martin has been following the invasion publicity. Soldiers and guns and that sort of thing."

"Well," Mr. Thomas said, "there hasn't been any shooting so far." He saw the color in her face. "Of course," he said, "there are two gunboats in the harbor. And there are soldiers, and they have guns. It isn't a joke, but —"

"We won't worry about it," Jeffrey said. It was as if he said, "We won't worry about the dark and about the way the house creaks in the night. We're not, after all, children." He bent over the company map with Mr. Thomas.

Loring watched them, the two of them, the two males. I'm a woman, she thought, put in my place like a woman, man's name and all.

And she hated that, but she hated, even more, the feelings that always came from it, the feelings she could not control. They were childish, those feelings, that unreasonable desire to strike out, to hurt, to take revenge for his superiority.

THE next morning, after breakfast, Jeffrey and Loring, armed with the map and with camera gear unpacked and ready for action, climbed into the jeep and drove down to the new port. It was eighteen miles, and in spots the dust lay lub-deep.

They drove fast, trying to stay ahead of their own wake. The dust rose in clouds and sifted through the engine and the floorboards, covering their glasses and filling their eyes and their hair and mixing with perspiration on their faces to form tiny lines of mud.

"There are," Jeffrey said, "more pleasant ways of earning a living. There must be. Working in a chain store or something."

"Making artificial flowers by hand," Loring said. "In a nice cool room, with music playing." The anger of last night was gone, leaving behind it only a dull sort of edginess, a willingness to snap at the smallest provocation. "Get out your licence and wave it around. Maybe that will help."

SUDDENLY Jeffrey grinned at her, crinkling the dust on his face. "How does my mask look?" he said.

"Lovely." She felt herself relax a little. "How's mine?"

"Not quite even. It sticks in patches."

They worked throughout the day. At the port, in the town, leaving the jeep and strolling slowly, almost aimlessly, until Loring found a picture; and then stopping and setting up equipment and arranging the scene and making the shot.

Jeffrey carried the heavier gear; tripod, the large case, one camera. He did it patiently, almost approvingly, and he followed orders without question.

"Set up the tripod here. And I want that camera." "Ask him to take off his hat. There's too much shadow on his face." "No, I want all of them in it. And the dog."

Handy man, assistant, interpreter, porter—he did it all, watching her at work as she had watched him with Mr. Thomas, grinning his grin and sweating there in the dust and the sun.

And on the drive back to the guest-house through the long shadows and the dying heat, he said, "You're good. I've worked with a lot of them, and you're good."

Loring said, "From any writer, that's something. From you, it's unbelievable."

"Maybe a truce," he said.

"Maybe."

Jeffrey and Loring ate alone, and afterwards they went back to the gallery and sat in the dim quiet.

The lights of Monte Cristi were a faint pattern in the blackness; and once a searchlight swung around at the harbor's entrance, and then disappeared. There was no breeze, and the heat lay quietly oppressive.

Jeffrey said, "That beach. The one what's-his-name was talking about last night."

"Simmons?"

"Yes," Jeffrey said. "I could soak up a lot of water, I feel like a dried herring."

"It's night and you don't know the way."

Please turn to page 36



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Danger After Dark

Continued from page 35

JEFFREY stirred a little in his chair. He was grinning. "In the bright lexicon of youth," he said, "there is no such word as 'can't'."

She started to snap, feeling the provocation, feeling the resentment begin. And then she thought of a beach, any beach, a tropical beach with sand and water, lots of water, and that was really all that mattered.

"You have a swimsuit?" Jeffrey said.

"I'll dig up something."

"Let's go."

They drove into Monte Cristi and through, and turned right towards the Morro. To their left the water of the open harbor was black and quiet.

"There's a sort of beach there," Jeffrey said, "but if you'd seen it by daylight you wouldn't swim in it at night."

"You're the pathfinder." She sat quietly, watching the road flow beneath their lights.

Jeffrey said, "That saddle up there. From what what's-his-name said, it's beyond that."

"Simmons." The saddle was faint against the dark of the sky. To its left was the hump of the Morro itself. "And if there's no road, pathfinder?"

"He got there," Jeffrey said. "We'll make our own road."

The main road ended with abruptness. It was there, plain in their headlights, and then it was not there, and cactus and low brush had taken its place. Jeffrey stopped.

Loring said, "There was a house back there. It had lights."

"They probably never heard of a beach," Jeffrey said.

In this, as it turned out, he was mistaken. The people who lived in that house were well aware of the beach, were, as a matter of fact, remarkably well acquainted with the topography of the entire area.

"This," he said, "is what separates the men from the boys." He drove up the low bank, swarmed through a packet of brush and started up the hill.

"This had better be good," Loring said.

"You heard the man rave."

In the darkness she could not see his face, but she knew that the grin was there. It would always be there.

She settled herself in the seat, clung with one hand to the frame, and watched the brush and the cactus and the infrequent dwarfed trees disappear beneath them, felt the "little car lurch savagely into hidden low spots and then climb its way out, scrambling like a cat on a sloping roof."

They still talk of it in Monte Cristi. They smile brilliantly when it is mentioned, showing their white teeth and lifting their hands in amusement at the recollection.

"The foreigners," they will say, "at night, in the small red automobile. And the following day, Señor, it was a thing to be seen."

Their thoughts are only for the humor of it, for the other parts, the events that took place that night, are not widely known. They know only that in the morning the jeep was discovered, deserted and stuck in a brush-covered gully in the hills.

"Where a donkey would have difficulty, señor, this small red automobile—" And they babble as they describe it to you.

It was stuck, there was no doubt of that. It lay at an angle, supported by its sides, and of the five wheels only one really touched and that one was the spare.

And the gully beneath it hidden by the brush—Jeffrey fell into it, flashlight and all, shot out of sight and after a time hit bottom and stood up, talking softly to himself, and found that his eyes were on a level with the front bumper.

He worked at it then, because there seemed to be little else to do, worked at it in the dark heat, carry-

ing rocks and cutting brush with his machete, building a platform upon which a jack might rest.

And Loring, perched upon the top of the spare, said nothing and slapped at the mosquitoes which swarmed out of the darkness like small dive-bombers.

She watched and she slapped and she thought, hearing Jeffrey's voice saying quiet things as he labored; and gradually, out of all this, a smile formed itself in the corners of her mouth.

Only once did she speak, and that, in itself, was a test, a sort of gentle tentative trial of the strength and validity of these new thoughts.

She watched Jeffrey, in the dim light of the flash, stagger to the edge of the gully and drop in a boulder that crashed and thundered and then lay quiet. Jeffrey wiped some of the sweat from his eyes.

Loring said, "I know now how the pyramids were built."

He looked at her. He could still grin, and that, in its way, was a part of the proof that she wanted. "Smooth sides?" he said. "Or can I leave them bumpy?"

But she said nothing, sitting there patiently, feeling the heat and the perspiration and the mosquitoes, slapping mechanically and smiling.

And even when the two soldiers appeared, with their guns and their bayonets and with their questions, and Jeffrey answered their questions with short words which even in Spanish were unmistakable—even then her silence held.

BUT she said nothing, and the soldiers, after a time, went off into the darkness, and Jeffrey resumed his labors.

It was hopeless, and in the end he admitted it. He stood in front of her, the machete stuck through his belt, and the flashlight almost dead in his hand, and his shirt-tails hanging out for as much coolness as there could be. He said, "I'm sorry." He was still grinning, and she thought of his manner towards the soldiers. "We walk, and that isn't good. I'm sorry."

Finally, Loring stood up. She felt the brush against her bare legs. "Let's go."

About half-way they stopped, and with his machete Jeffrey chopped the heels from her shoes.

They reached the road. The lights of Monte Cristi shone at its end, four miles or more. "If a car—" Jeffrey said, but he knew that there would be no car.

"Let's go." Her smile was still there; it clung like a mask, and the scorn in it was plain. There were other things, too, but the scorn stood out. They started down the road.

But a car did come. Its headlights appeared and bore down upon them, and Jeffrey moved out to the centre of the road and waved his arms, and the car slowed and stopped.

It was not a car, but a truck; and out of it men piled, men with guns, men in uniform.

Jeffrey spoke in Spanish to a young lieutenant. The lieutenant said very little, but what he said appeared to be to the point. Jeffrey said, "They'll take us to their outpost. We'll get it straight there."

The lieutenant spoke quickly in Spanish, and two men moved off at a half-trot into the darkness.

Loring got into the truck, Jeffrey followed her, and the lieutenant stood on the running-board. The truck turned and started back.

"They think we're mixed up in the invasion," Loring said. It was a statement, no question.

"They're twitchy," Jeffrey said. "They'll get it straight at the outpost. Find somebody with authority." He patted his hip, still grinning. "We'll fix it."

Please turn to page 37

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THEY turned into the yard of the house, that last house, and swung around in front of the porch. The lieutenant followed them up the steps and hall. He pointed to a wooden bench, and then turned away, through a door, closed the door carefully behind him. Two soldiers remained, holding their guns, watching Jeffrey without expression.

Jeffrey thought of the jeep, lying canted in the gully, and it occurred to him that it was not going to be easy to explain to Mr. Thomas that he needed ten or twelve men with picks and shovels and bars and timbers and machetes and ropes for the rescue.

He pondered his approach. Funny thing happened last night, Mr. Thomas—but it wasn't funny; it wasn't even half-funny; it was just sort of, well, ridiculous. He grinned a little at that, turning the grin inward, upon himself. You're no bargain, sometimes, he thought.

And then he saw that the girl was watching him, and for the first time he felt something of her viewpoint, and he hid behind the grin as a man might hide behind a mask. She watched him steadily.

"Nice comfortable bench," he said. She turned away, saying nothing. He watched the back of her head. He said, "Your legs—"

"My legs are fine." Her face was still turned away, but her voice was clear and not enthusiastic.

"Maybe—" Jeffrey began. He was scratching at her shoes again, at the scratches on her legs. "Maybe—" he began again, speaking to the back of her head.

And then the lieutenant appeared in the doorway. "Come," he said. His voice was flat.

Jeffrey nodded. "We're up," he said. He touched her elbow, and she allowed that, but she drew it away when they were on their feet. She walked ahead of him through the door.

The other room was not large, and it was dim, lighted only by a kerosene lantern that stood upon a small wooden table. Two soldiers were there, standing at attention in the shadows, breathing hard, the two soldiers who had been sent to search the jeep.

There was a short, thin man with a dark face and sleep in his eyes, who needed a shave, who wore a uniform shirt and trousers and a pair of bedroom slippers and who sat at the small table with a half-empty cup of coffee at his elbow.

This is going to be a little tough, Jeffrey thought. But he felt, really, only the fatigue in his body, in his mind; that, and the sort of anger that springs from a sense of your own misbehaviour.

Loring was watching him. He thought of words, but none of them seemed sufficiently forceful. Still looking at the small man behind the table, he reached angrily for his hip pocket, for the wallet.

Something struck his shoulder, hard, and his arm was caught and forced up behind his back. The lieutenant suddenly was standing close, with his gun in his hand. It pointed at Jeffrey's middle.

He was a young man, and his face was angry, excited. The small man behind the table had made no move, and his expression had not changed. He watched Jeffrey in silence.

One of the soldiers unbuttoned the hip pocket, took out the wallet and laid it on the table. The captain ignored it. The other soldier released Jeffrey's arm and, stepped back, and his gun butt made a hollow sound on the floor.

Jeffrey rubbed his arm. His anger was high, tight, a sudden, vicious force, bubbling with words. He held the words back with an effort. They could come later.

He said slowly, still without full understanding. "We were going to the beach. To swim. We became stuck in the ravine. You searched the jeep. You found our swimming clothes."

Danger After Dark

Continued from page 36

Explaining to a child. Pointing out the obvious logic. The lieutenant remained close, the gun still in his hand, still pointing. Jeffrey said, "Put that away, you fool."

The captain reached down to the floor beside his chair. He brought up the bundle of Loring's things, laid it on the table. He brought up Jeffrey's trunks. Then he brought up a folded piece of paper, opened it flat. It was the company map. He reached once more and brought up a small flashlight; and then a miniature camera, in its case.

Loring said, "Oh!"

Jeffrey said nothing.

"We must have left them there this afternoon," Loring said. "I was tired. I didn't notice."

"Yes," Jeffrey said. He was still watching the captain, and what should have been clear before was beginning to penetrate. His anger was gone, and in its place—

"They don't know that," Loring said. "They wouldn't believe it. Don't you see? They think—"

"I see," Jeffrey said. His grin was gone, too, along with his anger. There was only soberness in his face.

He was watching the captain, seeing him now, really seeing him for the first time, a bone-tough little man, tough as only a man can be where life, as such, is a cheap commodity, where zealotry is required and over-zealousness is rarely punished, where the system and the training conspire to produce this, and mistakes are not looked upon with leniency.

"I see," Jeffrey said. And there was silence.

He thought of all this almost as if it were happening to someone else.

UNHAPPILY, Jeffrey thought of the girl, and of the jeep, of the bouncing and the jostling across the island, of the clumps of brush and of cactus there on the hillsides, and of the darkness that closed in when the torch burned out.

He was looking at the table, and seeing the things spread out upon it, seeing them from the captain's point of view—part of the invasion, signals, perhaps, and that fixes us fine—and, realising that a mistake now, even a shooting mistake in these times, would count for little.

Later, maybe, there would have to be explanations, reports, maybe even public censure for the captain, as a sop to the Yanqui Government. And that, he thought, will help us a lot. That will pick the lead out of our backs.

He lifted his head and looked at the girl. She was watching him, and she saw the change in his face. It was there, plain and clear for them all to see.

The grin was back again, but it was a different grin, its mockery and its superiority were gone.

He turned to the captain. He chose his words carefully, watching the captain's face, and it was like watching a wall.

"The articles are mine, senior," he said. "I carry them with me always. The fault is mine. The seniorita is without blame."

He saw no expression, no indication that the words meant a thing. Some of it has to stick, he thought. Enough of it to raise a doubt. And doubt is all that's necessary.

In the morning she can get it straight. If there is a morning. The seniorita knew nothing of these things, knows nothing of your country. The jeep is mine. I drove it."

He stopped there, finding, still, no response in the blank face. He turned to the girl. She was watching him, and the scorn, the anger, the resentment were gone from her face. He found his smile and put it on. "It's all right," he said. "I hope."

Loring said, "I understood that much. It's all right for me, you mean. You hope. How about you?"

"Well," he said, thinking of that, and finding the irony in it, the ghoul-

ish sort of humor. He felt himself grin at the joke. "That's a good question."

She was not smiling. She was watching him soberly. "I thought it might be," she said. And then she turned towards the captain. "Senior—" she said.

Jeffrey said, "You stay out of it." The lieutenant's gun was close.

"You stay out of it," he said again, sharper this time, and he started to move, to reach for her arm, but the gun did not seem to encourage him, and the girl was already standing against the table, ignoring him, looking down at the captain's face.

"Senior," she said again, and her tone asked permission.

There was silence. The girl bent forward across the table, still watching the captain's face. She lifted the corner of the map, turned it back and picked up the wallet beneath it.

Jeffrey cried, "Not!" But she paid him no heed. She had the wallet now, open, was pulling out cards and pushing them in again. And then she found the licence, and drew it out. She handed it to the captain.

She said in English, "Take a look at that, and then see what you think, senior."

She nepped back to Jeffrey's side, stood there. Her chin was lifted.

The captain studied the card. He looked at the printing, at the signature, at the stamps. He ran his fingertips gently over the impressed seal, and he turned the card over and studied its back.

He looked up at Jeffrey. He looked at the girl. He looked at the card again, holding it lightly in his fingers. He looked up at Jeffrey once again. He flipped the card with his forefinger.

"This is your signature?" he said.

Jeffrey nodded. The girl was close. He could almost feel the warmth of her.

He said, "If you have a pencil, senior, and a piece of paper." He stepped up to the table, stood there waiting. Don't shake, hand, he thought. I'll give you coffee and sleep later. But don't shake now. His palm was wet as he reached for the pencil, bent over the paper.

The captain studied the signature. He held it beside the card, compared them.

The captain looked up. He said, "You will remain in Monte Cristi. To-morrow—"

The truck dropped them at the guest-house, roared off into the night with a great clashing of gears. Jeffrey and Loring went inside.

"I want a drink," Jeffrey said. "You?"

"Yes."

He brought them to her room. "Your legs," Jeffrey said. "Your feet." It was difficult to know exactly what to say.

"I'll take care of them."

Jeffrey nodded. He put down his drink and got out the wallet again, took out the licence. He looked at it soberly. The girl watched him. He held the licence over an ashtray and he lighted a match and touched the flame to its corner, watched it blacken and curl.

"That's called burning your toys," he said. He turned away, towards the door. "Good-night."

She was looking at the ashes, and for as long as it might take you to count to ten she just looked. And then she raised her head, and a smile began, a smile that had in it no fatigue, no pain, no scorn.

And there was in her eyes an expression that you see on a child's face on Christmas morning when he stares at the tree and realises that it had come true, what he thought was only a dream. There was all of this, and more, but the rest of it has to be seen to be understood.

She lifted her glass, still smiling. "Good-night," she said.

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Page 37

Van Johnson visits London for film premiere

Red socks, thatched haircut are widely copied fashion note

Van Johnson has knocked out a fashion that Lord Byron started.

Two days after Van breezed into London, my barber reported that numbers of his youthful clientele had flocked in, taken lost lingering looks at their curly byronic manes in his mirror, and curtly ordered a "thatched roof."

OTHER descriptive names for this innovation are "crew cut" and "scarecrow."

Down at the Royal Exchange, they say, there was a sensation, similar to that recorded when Bateman's guardsman dropped his rifle, after a Young Member propped his rolled-up broly against a form, carefully hitched up the creases in his striped trousers as he sat down, and removed his Homburg to reveal the Johnson clip.

This, as you may know, bristles and waves like a wheatfield in the wind. Not dressy, but very utilitarian.

The Diplomatic Service reports itself still intact from this tonsorial revolution; but then they never did think much of Byron. Down in Whitehall the prevailing taste remains firmly for the Tony Trim, as the polished parting favored by Anthony Eden may be described.

The other shock that Van has given London is his addiction to red socks—even with evening dress.

The audience hooted with joy at this discovery when he bounded on to the stage of the Empire Theatre to take a bow and personally introduce his new film, "Battleground."

I asked Van, 15 stone, six feet-two tall, "Why the red socks?"

He wrinkled his freckled brow. "Aw, I dunno," he said. "Just my philosophy, I guess—gaiety." Then he eased his feet out of moccasin-style patent leather evening shoes, complete with tassels, and twiddled his red-stockinged toes.

"Boy!" he said. "Evie and I've been hooing it all over London."

"We came in the best possible week, it seems. First there was the State opening of Parliament, then the visit of the French President."

"And in addition, the bell-hop at Claridges told us this weather is the first touch of spring London has had."

"The bobby-soxers? Oh, they've been very well behaved. They wouldn't let me get off the stage at the Empire, and I had to struggle through an impromptu act which nearly killed me. But out in the street I generally manage to get by without being spotted."

Van patters on breezily, and though he is now 33 he still has all the collegiate charm which made him "dreamboat" to young womanhood on both sides of the Atlantic. All the enthusiasm for life, too.

"I just get happier as the years go by," he grins.

By cable from
BILL STRUTTON
in London

Wife Evie, trim and extremely pretty in a plain black tailored suit and white cameo earrings, looked on tolerantly while he wisecracked with reporters and fans.

"He's just an overgrown boy," she said. "An 'apple-pie' they call him in America."

One of the most uncomplicated stars to come out of Hollywood, Van refuses to worry about anything. "When Evie and I got married the studio was scared about the effect the news might have on the fans. But I didn't give it a thought. Those guys upstairs get paid far more than I, so I let them do the worrying."

This outlook has so far seen him through five years of stardom at £1250 a week—or £7/10/- an hour.

Apart from this whimsical insistence on red socks—which Evie gives him for birthdays and anniversaries—Van Johnson doesn't mind much about clothes at all. He bought his last new suit six years ago, wears sober ties.

Evie—who was formerly married to comedian Keenan Wynn—designs all her own clothes.

In their suite at Claridges, while Van left us to take a nap in the bedroom, she was rushing about having her hair set, painting her nails, fussing over an ice-blue ankle-length satin evening-dress, going through all that girls go through with a big night, a premiere, ahead.

Between times she worried a little about the children at home in Hollywood—Ned, aged eight; Tracy, five; and "Sky," two.

"I hope the kids are all right," she



VAN JOHNSON and his wife, Evie, photographed on landing from a Pan-American Clipper at London airport. They visited London recently for the premiere of "Battleground."

said. "I'll bet little Sky is missing her daddy a lot. She looks just like him and she's crazy about him."

"Van's happiest when we are all on our own, swimming, playing tennis, and enjoying things with the children. When people ask me what it's like being married to him, I tell them that. He's a good family man and easy to live with. We don't go out much."

"The big day of the week is Sunday, when we have a barbecue in

the back garden. Van spends all the afternoon getting a charcoal fire going."

"Then we put a big grill over it and cook frankfurters and baked beans. Gary Cooper and his wife usually pop over, and we have Rosalind Russell and a few other neighbors."

Unaware of these wifely confidences, Van Johnson snoozed on. For every hour he slept, another £7/10/- went into his pay packet.

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FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. He rescues a would-be suicide who jumps over a bridge, finds he is FRANK CONWAY, big industrialist who was believed to have been drowned when he disappeared five years earlier, after discovering that his accountant, Jim Taylor, had allegedly stolen £80,000 of the company's funds.

As I Read
the
STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Some new ideas, discussions, or personal contacts could make this week quite interesting. Concentrate on the good points of your personality and appearance, and make the most of any opportunities that may come your way.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): A rather quiet week, but a safe one. By careful planning, you could make some headway in financial and business affairs. The full results of this period are likely to be felt late this month.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A fortunate week to push all social and business projects and seek for personal favors. The renewal of an old love or friendship is on the cards and you may expect good progress by April 16.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): This week is sure to give your career or prestige a nice solid lift. Practically all days are favorable with the exception of April 14 and 15. Use care with speech and pen during this period, or you may make an awkward mistake.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): A good week to enrich the mind, try out new ideas, and push for business advantages. Use just a little discretion as you approach April 14, lest impulse or over-enthusiasm should mislead you.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): This week should supply ample opportunity for you to stabilise your financial interests and material welfare. It could bring the successful culmination of any plans you share with another.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): The time is ripe to further that romance, establish that partnership, or get your links with other people on a sound basis. Make the most of the next eight days, they promise some satisfactory results if you are alert and enterprising in your actions.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Complete your jobs in hand, but don't overdo things on April 14 and 15. You can expect good opportunities next week, which may improve health and boost business.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Anything that touches your business life meets profitable aspects this week. Entertain and extend your social circle on April 12, 16, and 17. You may make some interesting contacts.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Build for the future, you are on very solid foundations this week. The family circle may prove helpful to you. Choose April 16 for important things.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Finalise things this week. Study, write, entertain, visit, sign agreements, or attend to anything that you wish to be permanent. Your mind has greater powers of concentration than usual, and you have excellent chances of success.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): Use this week for all matters needing perseverance and sustained effort. Your financial judgment is at its best, which should help you over the next seven days.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.]

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 15, 1955

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COUGHS & COLDS



NEWCOMERS to motion pictures just a short time ago, Kirk Douglas and lovely Patricia Neal are pictured saying a few words for the listening audience while attending a first-night together recently in Hollywood.

JOAN EVANS, New York teenager, who was discovered last year by Samuel Goldwyn, for whom she is to make several films, poses for this shot with her mother, Katherine Albert Euston—a magazine fiction editor, author, and playwright.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ Take Me Out to the Ball Game

THIS comedy-romance package tied up in gay technicolor by M.G.M. is a light and bright holiday piece.

It's about a girl of the 1900's who inherits a baseball team and swins a little (Eather Williams); a song-and-dance duo who double as baseball players (Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra); and sundry likeable folk, including man-chasing Betty Garrett and funnyman Jules Munshin.

On this slight framework is hung the usual romance between Williams and Kelly on one hand, and Garrett and Sinatra on the other, undercover work to prevent the "Wolves" from winning their baseball pennant, good dancing and comedy from Gene Kelly, who is in top form, and some effective cavorting and vocalising from Sinatra.

The whole thing is sheer nonsense, but there is hardly a dull moment with everyone, including the audience, enjoying the romp.

In Sydney—the St. James.

★★ Ma and Pa Kettle go to Town

THERE are quite a few laughs sprinkled throughout this Universal-International sequel to the rustic family comedy, "Ma and Pa Kettle," but in going to town the efforts of crusty Marjorie Main and laconic Percy Kilbride suffer by comparison with the rowdy original film.

Here the couple are seen leaving their super-duper, pushbutton-driven prize house to the dubious care of their wild offspring, to become involved in some mildly amusing escapades in New York.

Sight-seeing, shopping, beautifying craggy Ma, and assisting in the capture of a bank-robber gang are all played broadly to make up the comedy sequences.

The Kettles' eldest son, Tom (Richard Long), now living in New York, and his wife (Meg Randall), are pleasant juveniles.

In Sydney—the State.

★ Portrait From Life

AN unusual story, well-drawn characters, and a poignant performance by Swedish Mai Zetterling are the merits of this simple Gainsborough production.

It deals with the efforts of an R.A.F. officer to trace a young girl among the thousands of inmates in Displaced Persons' camps in Germany.

As the search narrows, the Britisher is left with an amnesia victim to help, an ex-Nazi to unmask, as well as a network of intrigue to overcome.

Rangy Guy Rolfe plays his character with becoming thoughtfulness, while Robert Beatty, Herbert Lom, and Arnold Maric bring their various talents to the lesser roles they fill.

In Sydney—the Embassy.

★ Whirlpool

EXPERT acting by suavely-polished Jose Ferrer, slick production, and elimination of obvious melodramatic touches save this 20th Century-Fox

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars — below average

movie from becoming just another horror piece.

The theme is psychological, and deals with the effect of hypnosis on the subconscious in an interesting and generally convincing manner.

The young wife (Gene Tierney) of a successful psychiatrist (Richard Conte) is caught shoplifting and is saved from arrest in the nick of time by Jose Ferrer, a fortune-telling charlatan who moves in the circles of café society.

Wanting to be cured without letting her husband know of her phobia, she accepts Ferrer's offer of help, and in this way becomes involved in murder, blackmail, and a web of circumstantial evidence manufactured by her supposed benefactor.

Gene Tierney's performance as the frightened victim is plausible enough, but Richard Conte's as the medico-husband is somewhat out of his depth.

Charles Bickford, Constance Collier, and Barbara O'Neil have lesser roles.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

News from the studios

By cable from LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

WHOMEVER said technicolor musicals and Westerns are out of date?

Warners will shortly start four big-budget films, three of them musicals, with casts of long-standing favorites.

Blonde June Haver will team-up with Dennis Morgan in "My Irish Molly-o."

Doris Day, Gordon Macrae, Eve Arden, and S. Z. Sakall will all take over top roles in "Tea For Two," after which Day will undertake a musical comedy, "Painting the Clouds With Sunshine."

The lone Western to be given the gun will be "Along the Santa Fe Trail," with rawboned Randolph Scott as a hero of the old southwest.

ALAN LADD will take one of his few movie beatings in a fierce fight scene in "Montana Rides," the technicolor outdoor drama which Paramount will start shortly. He will get the whipping from Charles Bickford, the fine character actor, who will be seen as Ladd's father, with Mona Freeman to provide the romantic interest.

WHITE-HAIRED Walter Huston will be seen as a crafty old counterfeiter, "Old 680," who foiled law officers for ten years, when Fox puts the comedy-drama before the cameras shortly. Dorothy Maguire has been named to provide the romantic interest in the film, which is Huston's first appearance on the Fox studio lot since "Dragonwyck," more than four years ago.



● Cute little **WANDA HENDRIX** (Fox) is currently appearing in "Prince of Foxes," period melodrama, with co-stars Tyrone Power and Orson Welles.



● Piquant singer **KATHELYN GRAYSON** (M.G.M.), left, is making her second film with tenor Mario Lanza, called "The Toast of New Orleans." David Niven also stars in the film.



● Sophisticated **ROSALIND RUSSELL** (Columbia) is now being seen in two films—"Tell It to the Judge," with Robert Cummings, and "Woman of Distinction," co-starring the popular Ray Milland.

Cast as stars . . .

Personal appearance in Sun-glo



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1 PERTURBED Doug Blake (Jack Carson), talent scout, admits to sponsors Felix Hofer (S. Z. Sakall) and Thomas Hutchins (Adolphe Menjou) that he has failed to find a star to replace crooner.



2 TURNTABLE operator Martha Gibson (Doris Day) on prearranged signal puts over own record. Doug is keen, but Musicbox manager (Franklin Pangborn) fires her.

TECHNICOLOR MUSICAL



PRODUCED and
directed by Michael
Curtiz, Warner Bros. gay
technicolor musical "My
Dream Is Yours" gives
Doris Day, the pert and
personable ex-radio star,
four new Warren-Blane
songs, as well as a liberal
assortment of past hits,
and some dances staged by
LeRoy Prinz.

Frankie Carle and his
piano and Ada Leonard
and an all-girl band are
two added features woven
into the film.

A novel sequence pre-
sents Bugs Bunny, War-
ners' popular cartoon
character, plus his pal,
Tweetie, in an elaborate
song-and-dance dream-
flash.

3 AUDITION from Hollywood radio
station is arranged by Vi Martin
(Eve Arden) for Felix Hofer to hear
Martha's modern swing numbers.



4 INTRODUCTION to con-
ceited Gary Mitchell (Lee
Bowman) brings superficial praise
from crooner, begins friendship.



5 NIGHTCLUB job is secretly taken by Martha when Felix
Hofer fails to sign her after unrewarding tryouts else-
where. Doug traces her there, persuades her to leave, and
decides to present her singing ballads instead of hot music.



6 CHANCE to sing comes and trio
plan surprise encounter with Hofer.
Gary is fired for being drunk. Martha
is a hit when she reluctantly fills in.



7 PROPOSAL from Doug, who has not realised
that Martha is in love with Gary, is gently
refused. For her sake Doug later arranges a
singing spot for Gary with Frankie Carle's Band.



8 IMPROMPTU help from Martha carries Gary
through, and when he later snubs her to join
noisy party she realises the sort of man he really
is, crosses to Doug, and apologises as they dance.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 15, 1950

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Ready To Wear: Petticoat slip, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 32/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 25/9. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Ready To Wear: Scanties, 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 16/11. Postage, 1/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 12/6. Postage, 1/- extra.

Ready To Wear: Waist petticoat, sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 29/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 22/11. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Ready To Wear: Bed-jacket, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 27/3. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 20/9. Postage, 1/6 extra.

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Long, cuffed sleeves give extra warmth to this little girl's blouse with its peaked yoke. It is cut out ready to make in cream lambrequin material only. Sizes: 2 yrs. 9/6, regd. postage, 10/6 extra; 3-4 yrs. 10/3, regd. postage, 10/6 extra; 5-6 yrs. 11/9, regd. postage, 10/6 extra; 7-8 yrs. 12/6, regd. postage, 11/6 extra.

No. 315—OVERALLS FOR LITTLE BOY OR GIRL

Cut out ready to sew, these sturdy overalls are in blue, lemon, pink, or green British cotton. Ducks are traced for embroidery on the pocket. Sizes: Length 28in. 2 yrs. 9/9, regd. postage, 10/6 extra; length 31in. 3-4 yrs. 11/3, regd. postage, 10/6 extra; length 33in. 5-6 yrs. 12/3, regd. postage, 1/1 extra; length 35in. 7-8 yrs. 13/9, regd. postage, 1/1 extra.

No. 316, 317—PYJAMAS FOR BOY AND GIRL

These attractive little pyjama suits are available cut out ready to make up in a striped flannelette in pink, fawn, and white; blue, grey, and white; or green, grey, and white. Tuck the little girl's pyjamas in and trim with lace (lace not supplied). Sizes: Length 28in. 2 yrs. 10/3, regd. postage, 11/6 extra; length 31in. 3-4 yrs. 11/9, regd. postage, 11/6 extra; length 33in. 5-6 yrs. 12/11, regd. postage, 1/2 extra; length 35in. 7-8 yrs. 14/3, regd. postage, 1/3 extra.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 316, 317, 318, and 319 make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.



316

317



318



319



No. 318—SLIP AND SCANTIES SET

Pilled slip and scanties make this dainty set in floral satin or white, pink, or sky grounds. It is cut out ready to sew and full instructions are given. Sizes: Slip, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 21/3, regd. postage, 1/8 extra; Scanties, 24 1/2, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 14/11, regd. postage, 11/6 extra.

No. 319—WATERLILY SET

Traced ready to embroider, this set is in heavy cream Irish linen or sheer linen in shades of blue, lemon, pink, green, and white, or in a British cotton in green, pink, lemon, and blue. Centre mat measures 11in. x 11in., plate mat 11in. x 11in., cup and saucer mat 6in. x 6in., serviettes 11in. x 11in. Prices: 3-piece set of 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup and saucer mats, linen 14/11, cotton 10/11, regd. postage, 1/6 extra; 13-piece set of 1 centre, 6 plate, 6 cup and saucer mats, linen 18/11, cotton 12/11, regd. postage, 1/8 extra, serviettes to match, linen 1/3 each, cotton 1/- each, postage 2/6d extra.

Is long hair on way back?

By CAROLYN EARLE,
Our Beauty Expert

IN - BETWEEN length (above), with smooth waves and a front surt-curl, makes a charming evening coiffure.



SLIGHT, elevated waves frame the face from a centre parting (above) for a fuller, flattering effect for a slender face.

A RESISTANCE movement against chopped, cropped, and ultra short hair styles, cut to a standard mass model, is gaining ground overseas.

In some quarters there is even a suggestion that, for mature women, long hair is on its way back, and the pictures on this page show how various stylists are holding on to longer hair, though the effect is of short hair.

The pictures demonstrate that a bun on the back of the neck is again not necessary, but the styles supply more softness and fullness than are provided by the boyish, capped hair-do that is shaped to the head and uncurled across the back.

Collectively this is what hair experts say: "We are eager to make women proud of their hair-styles, and rebel against the school that condones an unimaginative or dull coiffure for a woman merely because she has said good-bye to 45."

"Hair cut to an in-between length means greater softness, more femininity, as well as a wider choice in hair-styles that enhance individual faces, and for the mature woman, particularly, mid-length offers a rare opportunity to emphasise the dignity and charm that are naturally hers."

Hat designers suggest that mature women will find it rewarding to study their hairlines, and point out that, when hair is combed down on the cheeks, facial lines are exaggerated, and the face generally has a heavy look that disappears when the hair is lifted over the temples and drawn up and back at the sides.

This does not mean that the hair should be combed into a full up-sweep, although the softly swathed version of that classic style, which folds into a small-head effect, is always fashion-right.

Hair can be worn as low as desired in the back, but around the face the rejuvenating trick is effected with the up-lift line instead of a downward sweep.

While stylists and milliners plump for the return of feminine curls and a flattering nape softness, for the older woman cosmeticians have a word to say about make-up.

Planting rouge low on the cheeks is a mistake that often keeps women in this group from looking smart.

Better to leave rouge off entirely, they advise, unless the color is kept high, and very gently applied.



LONG-SHORT STYLE (above) is softly waved away from the face into a miniature back bustle.

FOR THE MATURE woman with an oval face (left), the back hair is long enough to turn up or under, with grace.



FOREHEAD BANG with a tu (above) gives a youthful, lifting line to the full-face view of this casual hair-do.



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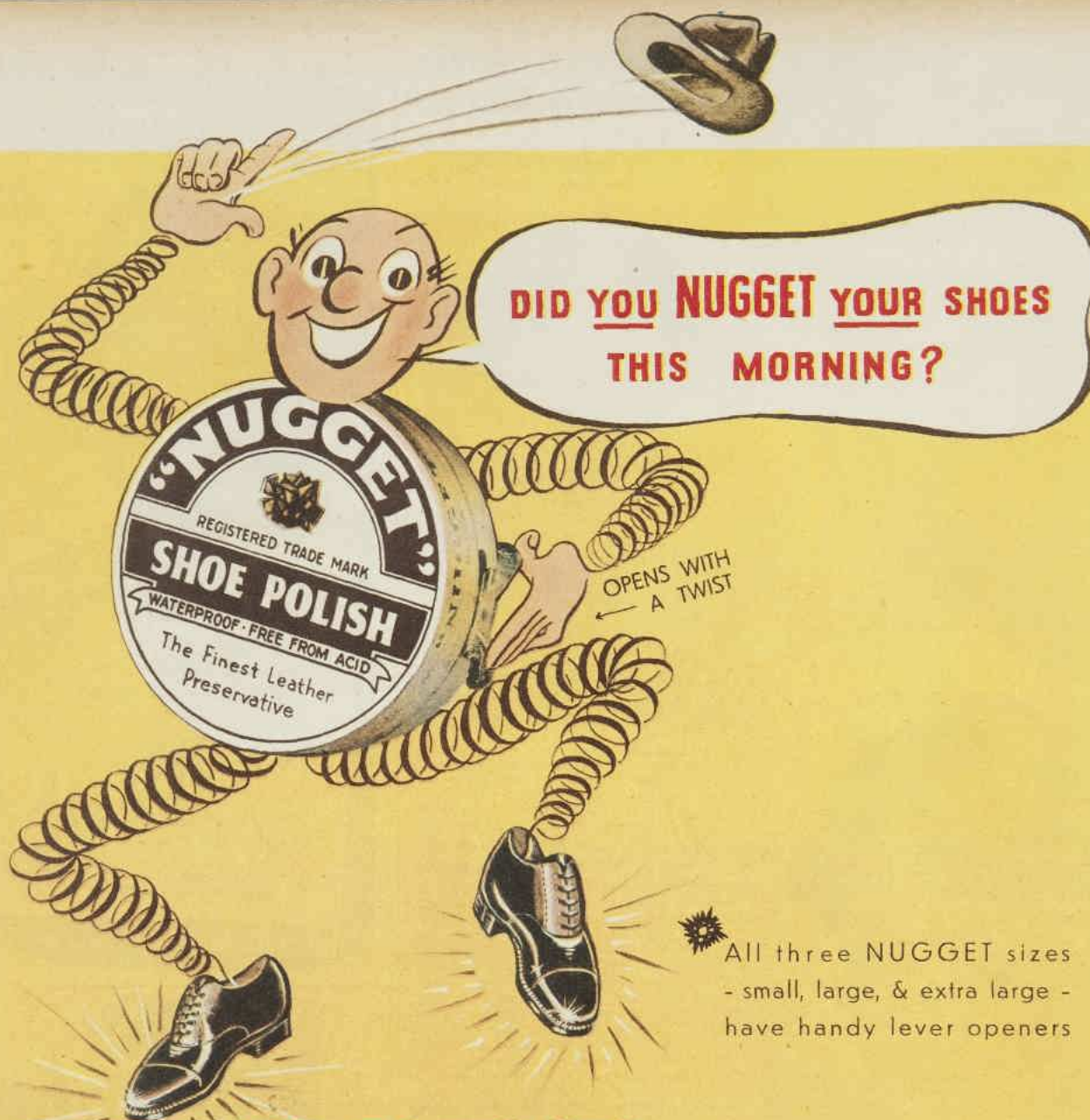


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Cuticura OINTMENT



Dress Sense by Betty Keep



THIS lovely romantic evening gown has sweeping, full-length skirt, strapless bodice, and a tulle stole.

STRAPLESS and full-length is the majority-rule for evening dresses worn at important functions, and a reader wants to have her debut frock made in this style.

Making debut

"AS I am shortly to make my debut, I would like you to design me a frock to be made in white tulle. I want a strapless bodice and very full wide skirt. What sort of under-skirt will the dress need and are gloves essential?"

I have illustrated a design for an all-white, strapless debutante dress. The design has a bouffant skirt, the skirt is mounted over a tulle slip, over which is an organdie waist-petticoat, and a third one made in the tulle of the dress. This will give the skirt plenty of body and the real bouffant look necessary with a bare-top design. Note the apron-draped skirt front, finished with a pearl-scattered ruffle. The ruffle and pearls are both repeated on the moulded bodice top. I have illustrated the design with a matching tulle stole. You might or might not like the idea; personally, I think it adds glamor.

It is customary for a debutante to wear gloves, and I advise you to wear very long ones. They are new-est among glove styles this season.

Maternity clothes

"MY baby will be arriving in about two and half months, and I must make myself something for the last months, and thought you would be the one to advise me on general ideas."

The lines for maternity clothes should always be kept simple and new detail and color used to sparkle them up. After the seventh month, I consider a two-piece costume not only looks best but, even more important, feels best. I also consider adjustable skirt expansion should be placed at the back.

Satin and lace

"DO you think it would look nice to combine a fine chantilly lace and a satin to make a wedding gown? I want the bodice to have long sleeves and a high neck, skirt to have fullness and a longish train."

Satin with lace is a leading combination in bridal fashions, and one that could look very effective in a high-necked, long-sleeved design. The chantilly lace could be used for a moulded, long-sleeved bodice top, and could continue down to form a front panel on the satin skirt. Have the skirt finished with an oval-shaped train.

Short topper

"ADVISE me please what type of jacket to wear in the evening. I have no idea what sort of material or color would look suitable and smart."

I suggest a short topper measuring 24 to 25 inches from shoulder to hem, cut on straight, boxy lines. Follow the current trend of a slightly Oriental flavor, and have the neckline high, the sides split, and one large frog fastening placed high. A jacket designed on these lines could be worn with either casual or formal clothes. Corduroy, fleecy wool, velvet would all be appropriate materials. You might consider one of the three following combinations for a color choice—all are chic and new. Black with a scarlet lining, cocoa with turquoise, or white with shocking-pink.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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4 ozs. Copha • 3 eggs • 5 tablespoons milk
1 level teaspoon salt • 1 teaspoon vanilla
8 ozs. self-raising flour • 8 ozs. sugar

STEP 1 Grease 2 deep 7" tins. Melt Copha over gentle heat. It should be barely warm, not hot. Add the milk, eggs, salt and vanilla and pour this mixture on to the sugar and half the flour.

STEP 2 Beat for 5 minutes with a rotary beater or machine mixer — or for 8 minutes with a wooden spoon. Add the remaining flour and beat 1 minute longer. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F gas, 400°F electric) 30-35 minutes.

Snowdrift Frosting

1 oz. melted Copha • 12 ozs. icing sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla • 1 dessertspoon lemon juice
2½ tablespoons milk

Bring milk and Copha to boiling point. Stir gradually into icing sugar and flavourings. Beat till thick and creamy, adding more hot milk if icing is too thick to spread.



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COPHA FOR ALL YOUR COOKING

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Some new ways to
serve them . . .

Pears

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

● Fresh, preserved, or canned pears may be used in the recipes given here, but it is necessary to drain cooked pears well before using them with a cake mixture or with jelly.

COOKED or fresh pears are delicious filled with cream cheese and served in a crisp salad. Fill the core cavities with softened cream cheese topped with a little red-currant jelly, serving in lettuce cups with other salad ingredients.

Pear fritters are fine fare for breakfast, and so simple, too. Prepare thin pancake batter, peel, core, and halve pears, dip in batter, and fry golden-brown in deep frying fat. Serve drenched with lemon juice and sprinkled with sugar.

Try some or all of these suggestions, and you'll soon agree that pears are versatile and rich in flavor.

PEAR AND PASSIONFRUIT PRINCESSE

One and three-quarter cups milk, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, pulp of 4 passionfruit, 2 dessertspoons gelatine softened in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 3 pears; colored coconut, cherries, and extra passionfruit pulp to decorate.

Melt margarine or butter, stir in flour, cook 1 minute without browning. Add milk, stir until mixture boils and thickens. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, add to saucepan, stir over gentle heat 2 minutes. Cool slightly, add softened gelatine, stir until gelatine dissolves. Allow to cool, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and passionfruit pulp. Pour into serving-dish (rinsed in cold water), chill until firm. Cook pears slightly (if using fresh ones), sweeten to taste. Arrange on top of passionfruit mixture, decorate with colored coconut, passionfruit pulp, and cherries.

PEAR AND CINNAMON TEA-CAKE

Two ounces margarine or butter, 3oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 1-3rd cup milk, 4oz. self-raising flour, 2 small pears, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, extra teaspoon brown sugar.

Cream margarine or butter with brown sugar. Add egg, mix well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Fill half mixture into greased 7in. cake-tin. Cover with layer of thinly sliced, peeled, and cored pear, sprinkle with half cinnamon. Spread balance of cake mixture over pear, and top with another layer of thinly sliced pear. Mix extra brown sugar with balance of cinnamon, and sprinkle over sliced pear. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Serve in wedges with or without butter.

PEAR AND PASSIONFRUIT JAM

Four dozen large pears, 1 cup water, 18 passionfruit, sugar, juice of 1 lemon.

Peel, core, and slice pears, add water, passionfruit pulp, and lemon juice. Place in large pan, boil gently (covered for first 10 minutes) until pears are tender. Measure pulp; to each cup of fruit add scant cup warmed sugar. Stir frequently until jam boils, then cook rapidly until mixture "jells" when tested on cold saucer. Disturb jam occasionally to prevent burning. Bottle while hot in warm jars, seal and label when cold.



PEAR AND GINGER PUDDING

Three ounces margarine or butter, 4oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon ginger, 4 pears, extra $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ginger and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon; strips of angelica and glace cherries to decorate.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Add egg, beat well. Sift flour and ginger, fold into creamed mixture alternately with milk. Grease 8in. cake-tin, spread a layer of cake mixture in base, cover with layer of thinly sliced, peeled, and cored pears. Add second layer of cake mixture, then second layer of pears. Spread balance of cake mixture on top. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 35 to 40 minutes. Turn out on to cake-cooler, reverse on to serving-plate dusted with sifted icing sugar. Peel, core, and halve pears, cook in sugar syrup until tender. While still hot, arrange on top of pudding and decorate with angelica and cherries. Mix extra sugar, ginger, and cinnamon together, sprinkle over top of pudding. Serve with custard or cream.

JELLIED PEAR TART

Six ounces biscuit or sweet shortcrust pastry, 7 or 8 lightly cooked pear halves, $\frac{1}{4}$ packet port wine jelly crystals, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups syrup from cooked pears, whipped cream or substitute to decorate.

Knead pastry lightly on floured board, roll thinly. Line 8in. tart-plate. Cut leaf shape in cardboard, and using that as a guide cut pastry leaves to decorate edge of pastry-case. Glaze edge, place leaves in position, glaze leaves. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. F. electric) 10 to 15 minutes. Cool.

PICTURED ABOVE are four different and delicious ways to serve pears—pear and ginger pudding, pear and passionfruit princess, jellied pear tart, and pear and cinnamon-tea-cake as well as other suggestions are given on this page.

Arrange pear halves in pastry-case. Dissolve jelly crystals in hot pear syrup, cool. When beginning to thicken, pour over pears in case. Chill until jelly is set. Decorate with cream or substitute.

PEAR AND PINEAPPLE CREAM

One cup milk, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup diced cooked or tinned pineapple, 1 cup diced cooked or tinned pineapple, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, 1 or 2 drops of vanilla essence, 2 dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in 3 tablespoons boiling water, 2 tablespoons coconut; whole pears, whipped cream or substitute, glace cherries, and nuts to decorate.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, stir until smooth, cook 1 minute. Add milk, stir while mixture boils and thickens, simmer 1 to 2 minutes. Separate whites from yolks of eggs, beat yolks with sugar, fold into cream sauce, cool slightly. Add fruit, coconut, dissolved gelatine, and vanilla. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, fold into cream. Pour into wetted serving dish or mould, chill until firm. If set in mould unmould on to serving plate. Decorate with pear halves, whipped cream or substitute, cherries, and nuts.

CHOCOLATE PEAR TART

One 8in. cooked biscuit pastry case, 1 tablespoon margarine or butter, 2 tablespoons flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 2 egg-yolks, 2

tablespoons cocoa blended with 1-3rd cup milk and 1 teaspoon coffee essence, 6 or 7 pear halves, 2 egg-whites, 6 tablespoons sugar, vanilla essence, and chopped nuts.

Melt margarine or butter, stir in flour, cook 1 to 2 minutes without browning. Add milk, the 2 tablespoons sugar and condensed milk, stir while mixture boils and thickens. Add blended cocoa, mix well. Lastly fold in beaten egg-yolk, pour into pastry case, cool. When cold and set arrange pear halves on top. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved. Flavor with vanilla, pile on top of pears, sprinkle with nuts. Place in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) until meringue is lightly browned and set. Serve hot or cold.

WALNUT ROLLS

(Serve with pear and passionfruit jam)

Two ounces margarine or butter, 2oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 8oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. plain flour, 2-3rd cup milk, vanilla-flavored warm icing (colored pink), chopped walnuts.

Cream margarine or butter with sugar and lemon rind. Beat egg, add milk, stir into creamed mixture. Fold in flours sifted together, making a soft dough. Knead lightly on floured board, roll $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. Cut into rounds with 2in. or 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cutter. Glaze tops, fold over, glaze again. Place on greased oven-trays, cook 10 to 12 minutes in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric). Cool on cake-cooler. When cold decorate with warm icing and walnuts.



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Readers' prize recipes

● This week's first prize of £5 is awarded to a luscious pie which has a crunchy chocolate casing and topping, with a rich, velvety-smooth peach filling.

QUICK-MIX coffee-flavored fruit cake which is good fare for morning and afternoon teas and the lunch-boxes wins a consolation prize.

CHOCOLATE CRUNCH PEACH PIE

Chocolate Crunch: One and a half cups crushed cereal flakes, 3 tablespoons sugar, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4 tablespoons melted margarine or butter.

Peach Filling: One dessertspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup milk, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, almond essence, 1 cup diced, fresh, peeled, and stoned peaches (or tinned peaches), extra sliced peaches and cherries to decorate.

Place cereal flakes in basin, add sugar, cocoa, and cinnamon, mix well. Gradually stir in melted margarine or butter, stirring until all dry ingredients are moistened. Take out 1/2 cup of the mixture and reserve for topping. Turn the balance into 8in. tart-plate and press out to cover surface with back of a spoon. Chill for several hours until firm.

Soften gelatine in cold water. Warm milk in top part of double saucepan. Beat egg-yolk, add sugar and salt, stir in warmed milk. Return to saucepan, stir over gently boiling water until custard coats a silver spoon (do not allow to boil). Remove from heat immediately, add gelatine, stir until dissolved, flavor with almond essence, cool. When beginning to set, whip lightly with rotary beater, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-white and chopped peaches. Fill into prepared pie-shell, top with the 1/2 cup chocolate crunch, chill until set. Decorate with peach slices and cherries. Serve cold with or without ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. L. Paul, 30 Winifred St., Adelaide.

COFFEE FRUIT CAKE

Twelve ounces flour, 1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 6oz. margarine or butter, 2oz. shredded candied peel, 1lb. sultanas, 2oz. glazed cherries, 5oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup honey, 2 tablespoons coffee essence.

Sift flour and soda into basin, rub in margarine or butter. Add peel, sultanas, chopped cherries, and sugar, mix well. Slightly warm honey, add to beaten eggs and coffee essence. Fold liquid into dry ingredients, making soft smooth consistency. Fill into 8in. cake-tin which has been lined with 2 thicknesses of paper. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) 1 1/2 to 2 hours. Allow to stand in tin for 15 minutes before turning out on to cake-cooler. When cold, ice with soft coffee icing and decorate with blanched, halved almonds.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. H. Maartensz, 21 Guilfoyle Ave., Double Bay, N.S.W.

SAVORY LAMB AND PINEAPPLE

Two cups diced, cooked lamb, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons chopped bacon (rind removed), 2 tablespoons milk or stock, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, pepper, salt, 4 slices pineapple, 1 tablespoon margarine or clean fat.

Melt margarine or fat in heavy frying-pan, add pineapple slices, saute until lightly browned. Arrange pineapple in bottom of round cake-tin or loaf-tin, pour over any remaining margarine or fat. Combine lamb, bacon, breadcrumbs, beaten egg, milk, parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Fill into cake-tin or loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425 deg. F. electric) 30 to 40 minutes. When cooked, turn out on to heated serving dish, serve hot with creamed potatoes and green vegetables.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Sparkes, 45 Thorold St., Woollooin N3, Brisbane.



THIS CHOCOLATE CRUNCH PEACH PIE, which wins first prize this week, tastes just as good as it looks. Served chilled with or without ice-cream or cream, this pie is a winner. See recipe.

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RECIPE:

Golden Vegetable Shortcake

1 egg; 3 tablespoons water; 2 cups Krusto Pastry Mix (8 oz.); 1½ cups sliced tomato; ½ cup sliced onion; ½ cup chopped green pepper (or ¼ cup sweet pickle); 1 tablespoon frying fat; 4 oz. Kraft Cheese; ½ cup milk; pepper and salt.

Beat egg with water. Make a dough with the Krusto Pastry Mix, roll into two equal portions to fit a pie plate. Place one on a buttered pie plate. Combine tomatoes, onion and chopped pepper and fry in fat 5-10 minutes. Season and place in pastry-lined pie dish. Cover with second portion of pastry and bake in a hot oven (425° F.) about 20 minutes. Serve hot with Kraft Cheese sauce made by melting shredded Kraft Cheese in a saucepan with milk. Serves 4-6.

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VIEW of Massey Agricultural College, Wellington, N.Z., where much valuable work on behalf of horticulturists is conducted each year. The trial grounds for roses and other plants selected by the N.Z. Horticultural Society are located here.

GARDEN LOVER follows flowers round world

● Mrs. Leot Tunnington, of Wellington, New Zealand, president of the garden circle of the Pioneer Club there, made the first stop of a round-the-world trip at Sydney recently.



MRS. LEOT TUNNINGTON, flower enthusiast, of Wellington, N.Z.

SHE is interested in flowers, in every phase of horticulture, and is travelling in order to learn, and, wherever possible, to lecture on floriculture and floral arrangement. After she leaves Australia she will go to England, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland, Italy and later to the U.S.A., and thence home via Honolulu.



CELMISIA, or mountain daisy, which grows in the Alpine country in New Zealand. Blooms are pure white. Right: Through the branches of the flowering kowhai can be seen Waipiro Bay, Auckland.



ABOVE: Another N.Z. hillbilly, the mountain buttercup or mountain lily. Right: One of the best known of all N.Z. shrubs, tea-tree, or leptospermum, known in the Dominion as manuka.



"I hope to come back to Australia some day to see your Jacaranda Festival, at Grafton, N.S.W., and to visit your wonderful orchid collections," Mrs. Tunnington said. "I'd love to see your wildflowers in the spring, and to visit your mountain gardens, where I'm told you grow the most brilliant tulips, lilacs, and hyacinths," she said.

A keen observer, she had been in Sydney only a few days when she was able to make friendly comparisons between the sister Dominions. "Your flowers are of great size, but they lack the texture of those grown in New Zealand, due perhaps to the heat, or seasonal conditions. I have noticed this particularly in your roses. Ours are of greater substance."

And as Mrs. Tunnington is an executive member of the Rose Society of New Zealand, and a prominent patron of most of the shows there, she should and does know her roses.

"We grow some marvellous tulips in the South Island," she said, "but I'm going to the home of good tulips—Holland, while I'm away."

"I will urge closer co-operation among gardeners, particularly women gardeners," she said. "This seems to be a feature that is lacking in Australia, from what I am told."

"In America I shall be the guest of some of the State gardening clubs and circles, and shall address some of them on flowers of Australasia and floral arrangement. But this is something that I am hoping to learn everywhere, particularly from the British and American experts, Constance Spry, Dorothea Biddle, and Dorothy Blom.

"British floral experts use massed arrangements more than the Americans do. The latter may be influenced by the Japanese, or by the fact that they often have to make the best of a few blooms," Mrs. Tunnington said.

In her garden circle at the Wellington Pioneer Club attendances averaged about 30, and floral displays at each meeting showed improvement—Our Home Gardener.

At British Furniture Trades Exhibition. Trying out a settee-bed. In its closed position the settee-bed is indistinguishable from a luxurious settee. The bed is of usual height and length, and has a rigid steel frame. Spring mattress is of rustless wire reinforced with steel springs. An ingenious safety device makes the back safe. The mechanism is balanced for effortless opening and closing.



SERVICE CABINET which can be used as a china cabinet or sideboard, a dining, writing, or card table. The clean-cut design of the cabinet, as shown left, makes it suitable for combining with any furnishing scheme. See story below.



MODERN design in dressing-table. Specially constructed for the small home or flat, it attracted much interest at the recent Furniture Exhibition in London.

Baby's Layette: Simple patterns available

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

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comfort must be avoided, or baby may become restless and fretful.

Simple patterns for a 12-piece layette have been designed and can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Price, 3/6, post free.

LATEST FURNITURE

EARL'S COURT, London, was recently the scene of the first national exhibition of furniture for eleven years, said to be the greatest of its kind ever held.

The display covered more than 250,000 square feet of floor space, and 400 firms combined to prove that even furniture made to strict Government specifications can be distinctive.

There was a marked trend away from the use of the traditional woods — mahogany, walnut, and oak — designers aiming for a lightness of effect.

Madrona burr and Australian maple, woods of a pinkish tone, were featured in a wide variety of new designs, as also were olive ash and Australian walnut. In many of the latest designs for sideboards, dining and occasional tables, and cabinets, darker woods were used only as inlay strips or edgings to point the decorative motif.

The smallness of the average home had its effect on the design of interchangeable units. The exhibition had many such dual purpose pieces, one of them a service cabinet which can be used as a china cabinet or sideboard, dining, writing, or card table.

And another, a luxurious settee which, when opened, becomes a full-size double bed, with ample room for two 12 stone people to sleep in real comfort.

Other innovations included a three-piece suite, with a pull-out coffee table concealed on an arm of each chair, a cocktail cabinet that becomes a bookcase, a chair that rocks all ways.

The exhibition also featured the return of damasks and brocades. Scotland showed fine damasks of original design, but, to satisfy overseas demand, some fabrics of the traditional English patterns, floral and pictorial, had a modern twist in the form of chintzes, in shades of two or three colors.



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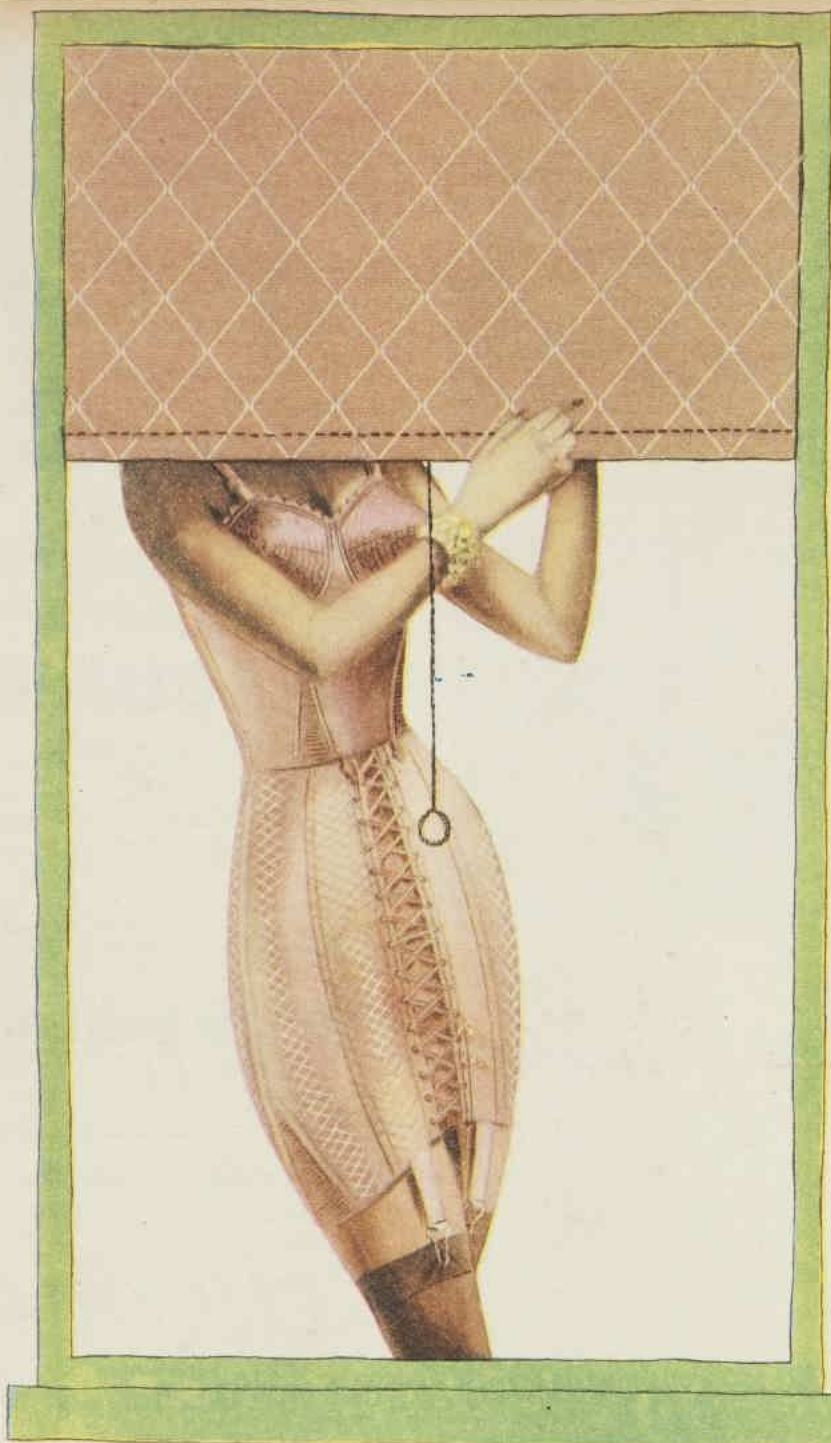
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• TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 44.



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